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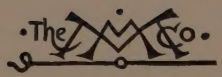
SIR WALTER RALEGH:

"THE SHEPHERD OF THE OCEAN"



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SIR WALTER RALEGH
"1588 Ætatis suae 34"
From the portrait by Zucchero in the National Portrait Gallery

SIR WALTER RALEGH:

"THE SHEPHERD OF THE OCEAN"

SELECTIONS FROM HIS POETRY AND PROSE

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INTRODUCTION

If Drake's drum is beating, Ralegh's sword is out. As the tercentenary of Sir Walter's death approaches, his spirit animates the embattled empire which he "toiled terribly" to found. The fruits of his life have been multiplied a thousand fold. The bright stream of stalwart sons who "call old England home" pouring from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India; the far-flung battle line letting loose its thunders; the gallant seamen still sailing proudly as "shepherds of the ocean"— these are the results of his enkindling dream of planting colonies in the Western World. Americans should hold his memory dear because he it was who was responsible for this country being an English-speaking nation, based on English common law and democratic institutions. His faith was unquenchable. "I shall yet live," he said of Virginia, which then meant the continent from Florida to Newfoundland, "I shall yet live to see it an English nation." His death becomes the more tragic when it is known that Spain demanded his head not merely as a punishment for his attacks on Spaniards in Guiana, but as a sign that the despicable James I acknowledged Spain as the supreme power in South America. Ralegh was "both the apostle and the martyr of British Colonial Empire."

It is fitting that amid the clash of arms Ralegh's tercentenary should be commemorated by the publi-

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cation of selections from his poetry and prose which illustrate his life and character. Ralegh has been called "the most universally capable Englishman that ever lived." This is high praise, but it will be found that he deserves it. Soldier, sailor, explorer, colonizer, courtier, poet, scientist, historian, patron of letters, Ralegh represents better than any other man the versatility and spontaneity of the Elizabethan age. He has been pictured by Macaulay "sometimes reviewing the Queen's Guard, sometimes giving chase to a Spanish galleon, then answering the chiefs of the country party in the House of Commons, then again murmuring one of his sweet love-songs too near the ears of Her Highness's maids of honour, and soon after poring over the Talmud, or collating Polybius with Livy." He was a scholar among courtiers and a courtier among scholars. His doublet and shoes were powdered with pearls and his cabin was crowded with books. He was greedy to get; his hand itched for gold; but he lavished his wealth on colonizing expeditions with self-sacrificing patriotism. His sudden rise to favour, his signal abilities, his sharp tongue and his domineering manner made him hated far and wide. The inconsistencies in his character as well as his multitudinous activities emphasize the fact that he was a Renaissance man.

The main events of Ralegh's career are given in the following "abstract and brief chronicle" drawn partly from the Life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Born in 1552 or 1554 at his father's farmhouse, Hayes Barton, near Budleigh-Salterton, he was a Devon man like Sir Francis Drake, Sir

Richard Grenville, his cousin, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his half-brother, and spoke broad Devonshire all his life. His earliest military experiences occurred in France and Ireland. Coming to court in 1581, he at once caught Queen Elizabeth's fancy. The story of his spreading his gorgeous cloak in the mud for the queen to walk on is probably true. He was knighted in 1584. In the same year he obtained a patent to take possession of unknown lands in America in the queen's name; and on the return of a preliminary expedition which he fitted out, the seaboard of the continent from Florida to Newfoundland was named Virginia. One of the results of his attempts at colonization was that he introduced potatoes and tobacco into England and Ireland. His long and persistent efforts to establish the first of English colonies give him the credit of being the first Englishman to dream and labour for the formation of the British Empire.

In 1588 when the attack by the Spanish Armada was expected, he served on a commission to draw up a plan of defence. As lord lieutenant of Cornwall he was in command of the militia there, but it is not known whether he took part in the naval engagement. In Ireland in the summer of 1589, he became intimately acquainted with Edmund Spenser, who conferred upon him the poetic title, "The Shepherd of the Ocean." Ralegh later introduced Spenser to the queen. When Lord Thomas Howard's squadron set out for the Azores to intercept the Spanish treasure fleet in 1591, Ralegh was not allowed by the queen to go, and his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, took his place as vice-admiral. The result of this expedition

was the ever-glorious fight of the *Revenge* and the heroic death of Sir Richard. Ralegh commemorated this exploit in a pamphlet, *A Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of Açores*, one of the finest expressions of his all-consuming hatred of Spain.

Just as he had finished fitting out a squadron to attack Panama and was on the point of sailing, 1592, he was committed to the Tower of London by Queen Elizabeth, who discovered that he had carried on an intrigue with Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of her maids of honour. From his prison he wrote the letter to Cecil, expressing frenzied grief at being debarred from the presence of the queen; and at this period he wrote *The Twenty-first and Last Book of the Ocean to Cynthia*, in which he laments his cruel fate, and speaks of the queen with lover-like devotion. The rest of this poem *Cynthia*, which was his chief effort in verse, and which was praised by Harvey, Spenser and Puttenham, has been lost. Released in the autumn of 1592, he married Elizabeth Throgmorton, was forbidden the court, and settled at Sherborne in Dorset. He soon took an active interest in parliamentary affairs, and, returning to London, made the acquaintance of men of letters and of science. He is supposed to have originated the meetings at the Mermaid Tavern attended by Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and others.

Fascinated by the Spanish legend of the fabulous wealth of the city of Manoa in South America, called "El Dorado," he undertook in 1595 an expedition in search of the city. He failed to find it, but discovered Guiana, explored the Orinoco, learned of a

gold mine, and brought home specimens of gold-bearing quartz. The record of this voyage is his *Discovery of the Large, Rich and Beautiful Empire of Guiana*. The next year, 1596, he commanded the van in the attack on Cadiz — his most brilliant fight — and wrote a spirited account of it. In the Azores, again, he distinguished himself by capturing the town of Fayal, 1597. The remaining years of Elizabeth's reign, up to 1603, were filled with political quarrels, in which Essex and Ralegh were enemies.

On the accession of James I, whose mind had been set against him, Ralegh was deprived of his offices and monopolies, and was sent to the Tower on the charge of conspiring "to surprise the king's person," and of plotting with Lord Cobham to deliver the country into the hands of Spain. That Ralegh, who had so often "singed the King of Spain's beard," should have been accused of conspiring with Spain was the bitterest irony. He was found guilty, and condemned to death in November, 1603, after a scandalous and disgraceful trial. Ralegh had been too friendly with Cobham, but there was no evidence of treason. The Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, made up for the lack of evidence by vile abuse. (See the extracts from the Trial at the end of this book.) It was while Ralegh was smarting under these insults that he wrote his poem *The Pilgrimage* (p. 14). On the eve of his expected execution he penned the farewell letter to his wife (p. 84). Though King James was "incurably prejudiced" against Ralegh, he did not dare to execute him. Accordingly, Ralegh was reprieved and imprisoned in the Tower of Lon-

don, where he lived with his wife and son for thirteen years. His apartments were in the upper story of the Bloody Tower. During his long confinement he pursued the study of chemistry and philosophy, and wrote his great work, *The History of the World*. "Who but my father," cried Henry, Prince of Wales, "would keep such a bird in a cage!"

One more voyage, however, the Shepherd of the Ocean was to make. In 1616, he persuaded James to permit him to undertake another expedition to the Orinoco in search of the gold mine. He sailed with strict orders not to engage in hostilities with the Spaniards in Guiana on pain of death. His fleet was scattered by storms; he fell sick of a fever; his men finding a new Spanish settlement, San Thomás, on their way to the mine, attacked and burnt it; his son Walter was killed; the men turned back without reaching the mine; and Sir Walter, broken-hearted, sailed for home, 1618. The Spanish Ambassador demanded his death. Ralegh attempted to escape to France, was taken, and in pursuance of the old sentence of 1603, was executed, 29 October, 1618, in Old Palace Yard, Westminster. Great Elizabethan that he was, he rose to heights of nobleness on the scaffold. (See his Dying Speech, p. 95.)

"O hadst thou served thy Heroine all thy days!"

The literary work of a man who touched life at so many points would naturally throb with vitality. Ralegh's poems sprang to his lips in moments when his feelings of love, scorn, or wrath had been moved intensely. The three adjectives applied to him by his contemporary, Puttenham, ten generations of critics have not improved upon: "I find Sir Walter Ralegh's vein most lofty, insolent, and passionate."

His poetry is fraught with worldly-wisdom: he has no sentimental illusions about life. (See *The Lie*, *The Reply to Marlowe*, and his last lines beginning "Even such is time.")

His prose writings are voluminous. He was always busy with pens and paper — in his Irish residence at Youghal, in the cabin of his ship, in his turret-study at Durham House, in his quarters in the Bloody Tower. His narratives of sea-fights and voyages have dash and vigour. They are manifestly the work of a man of action — who must be a clear thinker in order to be a man of action: they are clear in outline, logical in development, progressive in movement. *The Fight of "The Revenge"* stirs every heart. *The Relation of Cadiz Action* is like the music of trumpets. *The Discovery of Guiana* paints in gorgeous colours the tropical life of the Orinoco. It is remarkable for its appreciation of natural scenery and its descriptive ability. In the gigantic *History of the World* Ralegh's prose is clothed in regal state. Writing now, in those long years of imprisonment, of the rise and fall of the first four empires, he becomes contemplative, and his style swells to the mighty theme of God's punishment of cruel and unrighteous monarchs. Ralegh's majestic organ-note can best be appreciated if his opening lines, *The Attributes of God*, and his last page, *The Apostrophe to Death*, are read aloud in a cathedral. The pulse of balanced sentences, the sonorous tones, the magnificent cadences — were they not the rhythms of surging waves echoing in his ears and reverberating in his Devon heart, as he sat writing in his cell — silent but for the lapping of Thames-ripples at the Traitors' Gate?

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF SIR WALTER RALEGH

THE EXCUSE

WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER RALEGH IN HIS YOUNGER YEARS

[The text of the following poems is that of the edition by J. Hannah, London, 1892.]

Calling to mind, my *eyes* went long about
To cause my heart for to forsake my breast,
All in a rage I sought to pull them out,
As who had been such traitors to my rest:
What could they say to win again my grace? —
Forsooth, that they had seen my mistress' face.

Another time, my *heart* I called to mind,—
Thinking that he this woe on me had brought,
Because that he to love his force resigned,
When of such wars my fancy never thought:
What could he say when I would him have slain? —
That he was hers, and had forgone my chain.

At last, when I perceived both eyes and heart
Excuse themselves, as guiltless of my ill,
I found *myself* the cause of all my smart,
And told myself that I myself would kill:
Yet when I saw myself to you was true,
I loved myself, because myself loved you.

AN EPITAPH

UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING

(Died Oct. 7, 1586)

To praise thy life or wail thy worthy death,
And want thy wit,— thy wit high, pure, divine,—
Is far beyond the power of mortal line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath;

Yet rich in zeal (though poor in learning's lore),
And friendly care obscured in secret breast,
And love that envy in thy life suppressed,—
Thy dear life done,— and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state
Did only praise thy virtues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and tears now wail thy timeless fate.

Drawn was thy race aright from princely line;
Nor less than such, by gifts that nature gave,—
The common mother that all creatures have,—
Doth virtue show, and princely lineage shine.

A king gave thee thy name; a kingly mind,—
That God thee gave,— who found it now too dear
For this base world, and hath resumed it near
To sit in skies, and sort with powers divine.

Kent thy birth-days, and Oxford held thy youth;
The heavens made haste, and stayed nor years nor time;
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime;
Thy will, thy words; thy words the seals of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare employed thee thence,
To treat from kings with those more great than kings;
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence.

Whence to sharp wars sweet honour did thee call,
Thy country's love, religion, and thy friends;
Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Grief, sorrow, sickness, and base fortune's might,
Thy rising day saw never woeful night,
But passed with praise from off this worldly stage.

Back to the camp by thee that day was brought,
First thine own death; and after, thy long fame;
Tears to the soldiers; the proud Castilian's shame;
Virtue expressed, and honour truly taught.

What hath he lost that such great grace hath won?
Young years for endless years, and hope unsure
Of fortune's gifts for wealth that still shall dure:
O happy race, with so great praises run!

England doth hold thy limbs, that bred the same;
Flanders thy valour, where it last was tried;
The camp thy sorrow, where thy body died;
Thy friends thy want; the world thy virtue's fame;

Nations thy wit; our minds lay up thy love;
Letters thy learning; thy loss years long to come;
In worthy hearts sorrow hath made thy tomb;
Thy soul and spright enrich the heavens above.

Thy liberal heart embalmed in grateful tears,
Young sighs, sweet sighs, sage sighs, bewail thy fall;
Envy her sting, and spite hath left her gall;
Malice herself a mourning garment wears.

That day their Hannibal died, our Scipio fell,—
Scipio, Cicero, and Pètrarch of our time;
Whose virtues, wounded by my worthless rhyme,
Let angels speak, and heaven thy praises tell.

A VISION UPON THIS CONCEIT OF THE FAERIE QUEEN

[Appended to Spenser's *Faerie Queen,* books i.–iii., 1590. "This noble sonnet is alone sufficient to place Ralegh in the rank of those few original writers who can introduce and perpetuate a new type in a literature; a type distinct from the 'visions' which Spenser translated. The highest tribute which it has received is the imitation of Milton:—

'Methought I saw my late espoused saint.'"

—*Hannah.*]

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn: and, passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faerie Queen,
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heaven did pierce:
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

REPLY TO MARLOWE

1. Marlowe's Song

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

(Before 1593)

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber-studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

2. Ralegh's Reply

(Before 1599)

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All those in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

FAREWELL TO THE COURT

Like truthless dreams, so are my joys expired,
And past return are all my dandled days,
My love misled, and fancy quite retired;
Of all which past, the sorrow only stays.

My lost delights, now clean from sight of land,
Have left me all alone in unknown ways,
My mind to woe, my life in fortune's hand;
Of all which past, the sorrow only stays.

As in a country strange without companion,
I only wail the wrong of death's delays,
Whose sweet spring spent, whose summer well nigh done;
Of all which past, the sorrow only stays;

Whom care forewarns, ere age and winter cold,
To haste me hence to find my fortune's fold.

SIR WALTER RALEGH TO HIS SON

Three things there be that prosper all apace,
And flourish while they are asunder far;
But on a day, they meet all in a place,
And when they meet, they one another mar.

And they be these; the Wood, the Weed, the Wag:
The Wood is that that makes the gallows tree;
The Weed is that that strings the hangman's bag;
The Wag, my pretty knave, betokens thee.

Now mark, dear boy — while these assemble not,
Green springs the tree, hemp grows, the wag is wild;
But when they meet, it makes the timber rot,
It frets the halter, and it chokes the child.

God Bless the Child!

FAIN WOULD I, BUT I DARE NOT

Fain would I, but I dare not; I dare, and yet I may not;
I may, although I care not, for pleasure when I play not.
You laugh because you like not; I jest whenas I joy not;
You pierce, although you strike not; I strike and yet annoy not.

I spy, whenas I speak not; for oft I speak and speed not;
But of my wounds you reck not, because you see they bleed not:
Yet bleed they where you see not, but you the pain endure not:
Of noble mind they be not that ever kill and cure not.

I see, whenas I view not; I wish, although I crave not;
I serve, and yet I sue not; I hope for that I have not;
I catch, although I hold not; I burn, although I flame not;
I seem, whenas I would not; and when I seem, I am not.

Yours am I, though I seem not, and will be, though I show not;
Mine outward deeds then deem not, when mine intent you know not;
But if my serving prove not most sure, although I sue not,
Withdraw your mind and love not, nor of my ruin rue not.

THE LIE

(Certainly before 1608; possibly before 1596)

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
  Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best;
  The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows
  And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the church, it shows
  What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
  Acting by others' action;
Not loved unless they give,
  Not strong but by a faction:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
  That manage the estate,
That purpose is ambition,
  Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
  They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
  Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
  Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
  Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
  Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
  Tell favour how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
  In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
  Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
  Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
  Tell law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
  Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
  Tell justice of delay;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
  But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
  And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
  Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
  Tell virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
  Commanded thee, done blabbing,—
Although to give the lie
  Deserves no less than stabbing,—
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill.

SIR WALTER RALEGH'S PILGRIMAGE

(*Circ.* 1603)

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven;
Over the silver moutains,
Where spring the nectar fountains:
There will I kiss
The bowls of bliss;
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst
And taste of nectar suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral and pearly bowers.
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the king's Attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And He hath angels, but no fees.
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
Against our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads His death, and then we live.
Be Thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou givest salvation even for alms;
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

TO THE TRANSLATOR OF LUCAN

[Prefixed to Sir A. Gorges' translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, 1614. Gorges was a kinsman of Ralegh's, and one of his captains in the voyage to the Azores.]

Had Lucan hid the truth to please the time,
  He had been too unworthy of thy pen,
Who never sought nor ever cared to climb
  By flattery, or seeking worthless men.
For this thou hast been bruised; but yet those scars
  Do beautify no less than those wounds do,
Received in just and in religious wars;
  Though thou hast bled by both, and bearest them too.
Change not! To change thy fortune 'tis too late:
  Who with a manly faith resolves to die,
May promise to himself a lasting state,
  Though not so great, yet free from infamy.
Such was thy Lucan, whom so to translate,
Nature thy muse like Lucan's did create.

W. R.

The Birthplace of Sir Walter Ralegh
Hayes Barton, near Budleigh-Salterton, Devon

River Front of Durham House, Ralegh's London Residence, 1584–1603.
His study was in the turret
From a Drawing by Hollar in the Pepysian Library, Cambridge

PETITION TO THE QUEEN (ANNE OF DENMARK)

(1618)

O HAD truth power, the guiltless could not fall,
Malice win glory, or revenge triumph;
But truth alone cannot encounter all.

Mercy is fled to God, which mercy made;
Compassion dead; faith turned to policy;
Friends know not those who sit in sorrow's shade.

For what we sometime were, we are no more:
Fortune hath changed our shape, and destiny
Defaced the very form we had before.

All love, and all desert of former times,
Malice hath covered from my sovereign's eyes,
And largely laid abroad supposed crimes.

But kings call not to mind what vassals were,
But know them now, as envy hath described them:
So can I look on no side from despair.

Cold walls! to you I speak; but you are senseless:
Celestial Powers! you hear, but have determined,
And shall determine, to my greatest happiness.

Then unto whom shall I unfold my wrong,
Cast down my tears, or hold up folded hands?
To Her, to whom remorse doth most belong;

To Her who is the first, and may alone
Be justly called the Empress of the Bretanes.
Who should have mercy if a Queen have none?

Save those that would have died for your defence!
Save him whose thoughts no treason ever tainted!
For lo! destruction is no recompense.

If I have sold my duty, sold my faith
To strangers, which was only due to One;
Nothing I should esteem so dear as death.

But if both God and Time shall make you know
That I, your humblest vassal, am oppressed,
Then cast your eyes on undeserved woe;

That I and mine may never mourn the miss
Of Her we had, but praise our living Queen,
Who brings us equal, if not greater, bliss.

VERSES

FOUND IN HIS BIBLE IN THE GATE-HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER. SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!

W. R.

WHAT IS OUR LIFE?

What is our life? The play of passion.
Our mirth? The music of division:
Our mothers' wombs the tiring-houses be,
Where we are dressed for life's short comedy.
The earth the stage; Heaven the spectator is,
Who sits and views whosoe'er doth act amiss.
The graves which hide us from the scorching sun
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus playing post we to our latest rest,
And then we die in earnest, not in jest.

Sr W. R.

THE 21ST AND LAST BOOK OF THE OCEAN, TO CYNTHIA

[*Cynthia,* of which only this fragment remains, in Sir Walter's own hand, among the manuscripts at Hatfield, the home of the Cecils, was Ralegh's most important poem. It was written during his enforced withdrawals from court in 1589 and 1592–3. Cynthia is Queen Elizabeth, and the Ocean, Ralegh himself, who adopted the title "The Shepherd of the Ocean" conferred on him by Spenser. In *The Faerie Queen* (1590) Spenser praises Ralegh's *Cynthia,* and in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* (1591), explains the origin of the names:

"Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himself he did ycleepe
The Shepherd of the Oceän by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deep.

. . . . . .

His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindness and of usage hard,
Of Cynthia, the Lady of the Sea,
Which from her presence faultless him debarred.

. . . . . .

Full sweetly tempered is that Muse of his,
That can empierce a prince's mighty heart."]

SUFFICETH it to you, my joys interred,
In simple words that I my woes complain;
You that then died when first my fancy erred,—
Joys under dust that never live again?

If to the living were my muse addressed,
Or did my mind her own spirit still inhold,
Were not my living passion so repressed
As to the dead the dead did these unfold,

Some sweeter words, some more becoming verse
Should witness my mishap in higher kind;

But my love's wounds, my fancy in the hearse,
The idea but resting of a wasted mind,

The blossoms fallen, the sap gone from the tree,
The broken monuments of my great desires,—
From these so lost what may the affections be?
What heat in cinders of extinguished fires?

Lost in the mud of those high-flowing streams,
Which through more fairer fields their courses bend,
Slain with self-thoughts, amazed in fearful dreams,
Woes without date, discomforts without end:

From fruit[less] trees I gather withered leaves,
And glean the broken ears with miser's hand,
Who sometime did enjoy the weighty sheaves;
I seek fair flowers amid the brinish sand.

All in the shade, even in the fair sun days,
Under those healthless trees I sit alone,
Where joyful birds sing neither lovely lays,
Nor Philomen recounts her direful moan.

No feeding flocks, no shepherd's company,
That might renew my dolorous conceit,
While happy then, while love and fantasy
Confined my thoughts on that fair flock to wait;

No pleasing streams fast to the ocean wending,
The messengers sometimes of my great woe;
But all on earth, as from the cold storms bending,
Shrink from my thoughts in high heavens or below.

Oh, hopeful love, my object and invention,
  Oh, true desire, the spur of my conceit,
Oh, worthiest spirit, my mind's impulsion,
  Oh, eyes transpersant, my affection's bait;

Oh, princely form, my fancy's adamant,
  Divine conceit, my pains' acceptance,
Oh, all in one! oh, heaven on earth transparent!
  The seat of joys and love's abundance!

Out of that mass of miracles, my muse
  Gathered those flowers, to her pure senses pleasing;
Out of her eyes, the store of joys, did choose
  Equal delights, my sorrow's counterpoising.

Her regal looks my vigorous sighs suppressed;
  Small drops of joys sweetened great worlds of woes;
One gladsome day a thousand cares redressed; —
  Whom love defends, what fortune overthrows?

When she did well, what did there else amiss?
  When she did ill, what empires would have pleased?
No other power effecting woe or bliss,
  She gave, she took, she wounded, she appeased.

The honour of her love love still devising,
  Wounding my mind with contrary conceit,
Transferred itself sometime to her aspiring,
  Sometime the trumpet of her thought's retreat.

To seek new worlds for gold, for praise, for glory,
  To try desire, to try love severed far,

When I was gone, she sent her memory,
More strong than were ten thousand ships of war;

To call me back, to leave great honour's thought,
To leave my friends, my fortune, my attempt;
To leave the purpose I so long had sought,
And hold both cares and comforts in contempt.

Such heat in ice, such fire in frost remained,
Such trust in doubt, such comfort in despair,
Which, like the gentle lamb, though lately weaned,
Plays with the dug, though finds no comfort there.

But as a body, violently slain,
Retaineth warmth although the spirit be gone,
And by a power in nature moves again
Till it be laid below the fatal stone;

Or as the earth, even in cold winter days,
Left for a time by her life-giving sun,
Doth by the power remaining of his rays
Produce some green, though not as it hath done;

Or as a wheel, forced by the falling stream,
Although the course be turned some other way,
Doth for a time go round upon the beam,
Till, wanting strength to move, it stands at stay;

So my forsaken heart, my withered mind,—
Widow of all the joys it once possessed,
My hopes clean out of sight with forced wind,
To kingdoms strange, to lands far-off addressed,

Alone, forsaken, friendless, on the shore
With many wounds, with death's cold pangs embraced,
Writes in the dust, as one that could no more,
Whom love, and time, and fortune, had defaced;

Of things so great, so long, so manifold,
With means so weak, the soul even then depicting
The weal, the woe, the passages of old,
And worlds of thoughts descried by one last sighing.

As if, when after Phœbus is descended,
And leaves a light much like the past day's dawning,
And, every toil and labour wholly ended,
Each living creature draweth to his resting,

We should begin by such a parting light
To write the story of all ages past,
And end the same before the approaching night.

Such is again the labour of my mind,
Whose shroud, by sorrow woven now to end,
Hath seen that ever shining sun declined,
So many years that so could not descend,

But that the eyes of my mind held her beams
In every part transferred by love's swift thought;
Far off or near, in waking or in dreams,
Imagination strong their lustre brought.

Such force her angelic appearance had
To master distance, time, or cruelty;

Such art to grieve, and after to make glad;
Such fear in love, such love in majesty.

My weary lines her memory embalmed;
My darkest ways her eyes make clear as day.
What storms so great but Cynthia's beams appeased?
What rage so fierce, that love could not allay?

Twelve years entire I wasted in this war;
Twelve years of my most happy younger days;
But I in them, and they now wasted are:
"Of all which past, the sorrow only stays."

So wrote I once, and my mishap foretold,
My mind still feeling sorrowful success;
Even as before a storm the marble cold
Doth by moist tears tempestuous times express,

So felt my heavy mind my harms at hand,
Which my vain thought in vain sought to recure:
At middle day my sun seemed under land,
When any little cloud did it obscure.

And as the icicles in a winter's day,
Whenas the sun shines with unwonted warm,

. . . . . .

So did my joys melt into secret tears;
So did my heart dissolve in wasting drops:
And as the season of the year outwears,
And heaps of snow from off the mountain tops

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With sudden streams the valleys overflow,
  So did the time draw on my more despair:
Then floods of sorrow and whole seas of woe
  The banks of all my hope did overbear,

And drowned my mind in depths of misery:
  Sometime I died; sometime I was distract,
My soul the stage of fancy's tragedy;
  Then furious madness, where true reason lacked,

Wrote what it would, and scourged mine own conceit.
  Oh, heavy heart! who can thee witness bear?
What tongue, what pen, could thy tormenting treat,
  But thine own mourning thoughts which present were?

What stranger mind believe the meanest part?
  What altered sense conceive the weakest woe,
That tare, that rent, that pierced thy sad heart?

And as a man distract, with triple might
  Bound in strong chains doth strive and rage in vain,
Till, tired and breathless, he is forced to rest,—
  Finds by contention but increase of pain,
And fiery heat inflamed in swollen breast;

So did my mind in change of passion
  From woe to wrath, from wrath return to woe,
Struggling in vain from love's subjection;

Therefore, all lifeless and all helpless bound,
  My fainting spirits sunk, and heart appalled,

My joys and hopes lay bleeding on the ground,
That not long since the highest heaven scaled.

I hated life and cursed destiny;
The thoughts of passed times, like flames of hell,
Kindled afresh within my memory
The many dear achievements that befell

In those prime years and infancy of love,
Which to describe were but to die in writing;
Ah, those I sought, but vainly, to remove,
And vainly shall, by which I perish living.

And though strong reason hold before mine eyes
The images and forms of worlds past,
Teaching the cause why all those flames that rise
From forms external can no longer last,

Than that those seeming beauties hold in prime
Love's ground, his essence, and his empery,
All slaves to age, and vassals unto time,
Of which repentance writes the tragedy: —

But this my heart's desire could not conceive,
Whose love outflew the fastest flying time,
A beauty that can easily deceive
The arrest of years, and creeping age outclimb.

A spring of beauties which time ripeth not —
Time that but works on frail mortality;
A sweetness which woe's wrongs outwipeth not,
Whom love hath chose for his divinity;

A vestal fire that burns but never wasteth,
  That loseth nought by giving light to all,
That endless shines each where, and endless lasteth,
  Blossoms of pride that can nor fade nor fall;

These were those marvellous perfections,
  The parents of my sorrow and my envy,
Most deathful and most violent infections;
  These be the tyrants that in fetters tie

Their wounded vassals, yet nor kill nor cure,
  But glory in their lasting misery —
That, as her beauties would, our woes should dure —
  These be the effects of powerful empery.

Yet have these wounders want, which want compassion;
  Yet hath her mind some marks of human race;
Yet will she be a woman for a fashion,
  So doth she please her virtues to deface.

And like as that immortal power doth seat
  An element of waters, to allay
The fiery sunbeams that on earth do beat,
  And temper by cold night the heat of day,

So hath perfection, which begat her mind,
  Added thereto a change of fantasy,
And left her the affections of her kind,
  Yet free from every evil but cruelty.

But leave her praise; speak thou of nought but woe;
  Write on the tale that sorrow bids thee tell;

Strive to forget, and care no more to know
  Thy cares are known, by knowing those too well.

Describe her now as she appears to thee;
  Not as she did appear in days fordone:
In love, those things that were no more may be,
  For fancy seldom ends where it begun.

And as a stream by strong hand bounded in
  From nature's course where it did sometime run,
By some small rent or loose part doth begin
  To find escape, till it a way hath won;

Doth then all unawares in sunder tear
  The forced bounds, and, raging, run at large
In the ancient channels as they wonted were;
  Such is of women's love the careful charge,—

Held and maintained with multitude of woes;
  Of long erections such the sudden fall:
One hour diverts, one instant overthrows,
  For which our lives, for which our fortune's thrall

So many years those joys have dearly bought;
  Of which when our fond hopes do most assure,
All is dissolved; our labours come to nought;
  Nor any mark thereof there doth endure:

No more than when small drops of rain do fall
  Upon the parched ground by heat updried;
No cooling moisture is perceived at all,
  Nor any show or sign of wet doth bide.

But as the fields, clothed with leaves and flowers,
  The banks of roses smelling precious sweet,
Have but their beauty's date and timely hours,
  And then, defaced by winter's cold and sleet,
  . . . . . .
So far as neither fruit nor form of flower
  Stays for a witness what such branches bare,
But as time gave, time did again devour,
  And change our rising joy to falling care:

So of affection which our youth presented;
  When she that from the sun reaves power and light,
Did but decline her beams as discontented,
  Converting sweetest days to saddest night,

All droops, all dies, all trodden under dust,
  The person, place, and passages forgotten;
The hardest steel eaten with softest rust,
  The firm and solid tree both rent and rotten.

Those thoughts, so full of pleasure and content,
  That in our absence were affection's food,
Are razed out and from the fancy rent;
  In highest grace and heart's dear care that stood,

Are cast for prey to hatred and to scorn,—
  Our dearest treasures and our heart's true joys;
The tokens hung on breast and kindly worn,
  Are now elsewhere disposed or held for toys.

And those which then our jealousy removed,
  And others for our sakes then valued dear,

The one forgot, the rest are dear beloved,
When all of ours doth strange or vild appear.

Those streams seem standing puddles, which before
We saw our beauties in, so were they clear;
Belphœbe's course is now observed no more;

That fair resemblance weareth out of date;
Our ocean seas are but tempestuous waves,
And all things base, that blessed were of late. . . .

And as a field, wherein the stubble stands
Of harvest past, the ploughman's eye offends;
He tills again, or tears them up with hands,
And throws to fire as foiled and fruitless ends,

And takes delight another seed to sow;
So doth the mind root up all wonted thought,
And scorns the care of our remaining woes;
The sorrows, which themselves for us have wrought,

Are burnt to cinders by new kindled fires;
The ashes are dispersed into the air;
The sighs, the groans of all our past desires
Are clean outworn, as things that never were.

With youth is dead the hope of love's return,
Who looks not back to hear our after-cries:
Where he is not, he laughs at those that mourn;
Whence he is gone, he scorns the mind that dies.

When he is absent, he believes no words;
When reason speaks, he, careless, stops his ears;

Whom he hath left, he never grace affords,
  But bathes his wings in our lamenting tears.

Unlasting passion, soon outworn conceit,
  Whereon I built, and on so dureless trust!
My mind had wounds, I dare not say deceit,
  Were I resolved her promise was not just.

Sorrow was my revenge and woe my hate;
  I powerless was to alter my desire;
My love is not of time or bound to date;
  My heart's internal heat and living fire

Would not, or could, be quenched with sudden showers;
  My bound respect was not confined to days;
My vowed faith not set to ended hours;
  I love the bearing and not bearing sprays

Which now to others do their sweetness send;
  The incarnate, snow-driven white, and purest azure,
Who from high heaven doth on their fields descend,
  Filling their barns with grain, and towers with treasure.

Erring or never erring, such is love
  As, while it lasteth, scorns the account of those
Seeking but self-contentment to improve,
  And hides, if any be, his inward woes,

And will not know, while he knows his own passion,
  The often and unjust perseverance

In deeds of love and state, and every action
From that first day and year of their joy's entrance.

But I, unblessed and ill-born creature,
That did embrace the dust her body bearing,
That loved her, both by fancy and by nature,
That drew, even with the milk in my first sucking,

Affection from the parent's breast that bare me,
Have found her as a stranger so severe,
Improving my mishap in each degree;
But love was gone: so would I my life were!

A queen she was to me,— no more Belphœbe;
A lion then,— no more a milk-white dove;
A prisoner in her breast I could not be; —
She did untie the gentle chains of love.
. . . . . .
Love was no more the love of hiding

All trespass and mischance for her own glory:
It had been such; it was still for the elect;
But I must be the example in love's story;
This was of all forepast the sad effect.

But thou, my weary soul and heavy thought,
Made by her love a burthen to my being,
Dost know my error never was forethought,
Or ever could proceed from sense of loving.

Of other cause if then it had proceeding,
I leave the excuse, sith judgment hath been given;

The limbs divided, sundered, and ableeding,
Cannot complain the sentence was uneven.

This did that nature's wonder, virtue's choice,
The only paragon of time's begetting,
Divine in words, angelical in voice,
That spring of joys, that flower of love's own setting,

The idea remaining of those golden ages,
That beauty, braving heavens and earth embalming,
Which after worthless worlds but play on stages,
Such didst thou her long since describe, yet sighing

That thy unable spirit could not find aught,
In heaven's beauties or in earth's delight,
For likeness fit to satisfy thy thought:
But what hath it availed thee so to write?

She cares not for thy praise, who knows not theirs;
It's now an idle labour, and a tale
Told out of time, that dulls the hearer's ears;
A merchandise whereof there is no sale.

Leave them, or lay them up with thy despairs!
She hath resolved, and judged thee long ago.
Thy lines are now a murmuring to her ears,
Like to a falling stream, which, passing slow,

Is wont to nourish sleep and quietness;
So shall thy painful labours be perused,

And draw on rest, which sometime had regard;
  But those her cares thy errors have excused.

Thy days fordone have had their day's reward;
  So her hard heart, so her estranged mind,
In which above the heavens I once reposed;
  So to thy error have her ears inclined,

And have forgotten all thy past deserving,
  Holding in mind but only thine offence;
And only now affecteth thy depraving,
  And thinks all vain that pleadeth thy defence.

Yet greater fancy beauty never bred;
  A more desire the heart-blood never nourished;
Her sweetness an affection never fed,
  Which more in any age hath ever flourished.

The mind and virtue never have begotten
  A firmer love, since love on earth had power;
A love obscured, but cannot be forgotten;
  Too great and strong for time's jaws to devour;

Containing such a faith as ages wound not,
  Care, wakeful ever of her good estate,
Fear, dreading loss, which sighs and joys not,
  A memory of the joys her grace begat;

A lasting gratefulness for those comforts past,
  Of which the cordial sweetness cannot die;
These thoughts, knit up by faith, shall ever last;
  These time assays, but never can untie,

Whose life once lived in her pearl-like breast,
  Whose joys were drawn but from her happiness,
Whose heart's high pleasure, and whose mind's true
    rest,
  Proceeded from her fortune's blessedness;

Who was intentive, wakeful, and dismayed
  In fears, in dreams, in feverous jealousy,
Who long in silence served, and obeyed
  With secret heart and hidden loyalty,

Which never change to sad adversity,
  Which never age, or nature's overthrow,
Which never sickness or deformity,
  Which never wasting care or wearing woe,
If subject unto these she could have been,—

Which never words or wits malicious,
  Which never honour's bait, or world's fame,
Achieved by attempts adventurous,
  Or aught beneath the sun or heaven's frame

Can so dissolve, dissever, or destroy
  The essential love of no frail parts compounded,
Though of the same now buried be the joy,
  The hope, the comfort, and the sweetness ended,

But that the thoughts and memories of these
  Work a relapse of passion, and remain
Of my sad heart the sorrow-sucking bees;
  The wrongs received, the frowns persuade in vain.

And though these medicines work desire to end,
  And are in others the true cure of liking,

The salves that heal love's wounds, and do amend
Consuming woe, and slake our hearty sighing,

They work not so in thy mind's long decease;
External fancy time alone recureth:
All whose effects do wear away with ease
Love of delight, while such delight endureth;
Stays by the pleasure, but no longer stays . . .

But in my mind so is her love enclosed,
And is thereof not only the best part,
But into it the essence is disposed:
Oh, love! (the more my woe) to it thou art

Even as the moisture in each plant that grows;
Even as the sun unto the frozen ground;
Even as the sweetness to the incarnate rose;
Even as the centre in each perfect round:

As water to the fish, to men as air,
As heat to fire, as light unto the sun;
Oh, love! it is but vain to say thou *were;*
Ages and times cannot thy power outrun.

Thou art the soul of that unhappy mind
Which, being by nature made an idle thought,
Began, even then to take immortal kind,
When first her virtues in thy spirits wrought.

From thee therefore that mover cannot move,
Because it is become thy cause of being;
Whatever error may obscure that love,
Whatever frail effect in mortal living,

Whatever passion from distempered heart,
What absence, time, or injuries effect,
What faithless friends or deep dissembled art
Present to feed her most unkind suspect.

. . . . . .

Yet as the air in deep caves underground
Is strongly drawn when violent heat hath vent,
Great clefts therein, till moisture do abound,
And then the same, imprisoned and uppent,

Breaks out in earthquakes tearing all asunder;
So, in the centre of my cloven heart —
My heart, to whom her beauties were such wonder —
Lies the sharp poisoned head of that love's dart

Which, till all break and all dissolve to dust,
Thence drawn it cannot be, or therein known:
There, mixed with my heart-blood, the fretting rust
The better part hath eaten and outgrown.

But what of those or these? or what of ought
Of that which was, or that which is, to treat?
What I possess is but the same I sought:
My love was false, my labours were deceit.

Nor less than such they are esteemed to be;
A fraud bought at the price of many woes;
A guile, whereof the profits unto me —
Could it be thought premediate for those?

Witness those withered leaves left on the tree,
The sorrow-worn face, the pensive mind;

The external shews what may the internal be:
Cold care hath bitten both the root and rind.

But stay, my thoughts, make end: give fortune way:
Harsh is the voice of woe and sorrow's sound:
Complaints cure not, and tears do but allay
Griefs for a time, which after more abound.

To seek for moisture in the Arabian sand
Is but a loss of labour and of rest:
The links which time did break of hearty bands

Words cannot knit, or wailings make anew.
Seek not the sun in clouds when it is set. . . .
On highest mountains, where those cedars grew,
Against whose banks the troubled ocean beat,

And were the marks to find thy hoped port,
Into a soil far off themselves remove.
On Sestus' shore, Leander's late resort,
Hero hath left no lamp to guide her love.

Thou lookest for light in vain, and storms arise;
She sleeps thy death, that erst thy danger sighed;
Strive then no more; bow down thy weary eyes —
Eyes which to all these woes thy heart have guided.

She is gone, she is lost, she is found, she is ever fair:
Sorrow draws weakly, where love draws not too:
Woe's cries sound nothing, but only in love's ear.
Do then by dying what life cannot do.

Unfold thy flocks and leave them to the fields,
To feed on hills, or dales, where likes them best,
Of what the summer or the spring-time yields,
For love and time hath given thee leave to rest.

Thy heart which was their fold, now in decay
By often storms and winter's many blasts,
All torn and rent becomes misfortune's prey;
False hope my shepherd's staff, now age hath brast

My pipe, which love's own hand gave my desire
To sing her praises and my woe upon,—
Despair hath often threatened to the fire,
As vain to keep now all the rest are gone.

Thus home I draw, as death's long night draws on;
Yet every foot, old thoughts turn back mine eyes:
Constraint me guides, as old age draws a stone
Against the hill, which over-weighty lies

For feeble arms or wasted strength to move:
My steps are backward, gazing on my loss,
My mind's affection and my soul's sole love,
Not mixed with fancy's chaff or fortune's dross.

To God I leave it, who first gave it me,
And I her gave, and she returned again,
As it was hers; so let His mercies be
Of my last comforts the essential mean.

But be it so or not, the effects are past;
Her love hath end; my woe must ever last.

A report of the truth of the fight about the *Isles of Açores, this last summer, betwixt the Revenge, one of her Majesties Shippes, and an Armada of the King of Spaine.*

[From the first edition, 1591. Reprinted in Richard Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations, Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation,* vol. ii. 1599–1600. Edited by Edward Arber in *English Reprints,* 1871, with an historical introduction. Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Grenville was Ralegh's cousin. This spirited narrative was the basis of Tennyson's ballad *The Revenge.*]

Because the rumours are diversly spred, as well in Englande as in the lowe countries and els where, of this late encounter between her maiesties ships and the Armada of *Spain;* and that the Spaniardes according to their usual maner, fill the world with their vaine glorious vaunts, making great apparance of victories: when on the contrary, themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonoured; therby hoping to possesse the ignorant multitude by anticipating and forerunning false reports: It is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth to overcome falsehood and untruth; that the beginning, continuance and successe of this late honourable encounter of Syr *Richard Grinvile,* and other her maiesties Captaines, with the Armada of *Spaine;* should be truly set downe and published without parcialltie or false imaginations. And it is no marvell that the Spaniard should seeke by false and slandrous Pamphlets, advisoes and Letters, to cover their owne losse, and to derogate from others their

due honours especially in this fight beeing performed farre of; seeing they were not ashamed in the yeare 1588. when they purposed the invasion of this land, to publish in sundrie languages in print, great victories in wordes, which they pleaded to have obteined against this Realme, and spredde the same in a most false sort over all partes of *France*, *Italie*, and elsewhere. When shortly after it was happily manifested in verie deed to all Nations, how their Navy which they termed invincible, consisting of 240. saile of ships, not onely of their own kingdom, but strengthened with the greatest Argosies, *Portugall* Caractes, Florentines and huge Hulkes of other countries: were by thirtie of her Maiesties owne shippes of warre, and a few of our owne Marchants, by the wise, valiant, and most advantagious conduction of the L. *Charles Howard*, high Admirall of England, beaten and shuffeled togither, even from the Lizard in *Cornwall:* first to *Portland*, where they shamefully left *Don Pedro de Valdes*, with his mightie shippe: from *Portland* to *Cales*, where they lost *Hugo de Moncado*, with the Gallias of which he was Captain, and from *Cales*, driven with squibs from their anchors: were chased out of the sight of England, round about *Scotland* and *Ireland*. Where for the sympathie of their barbarous religion, hoping to finde succour and assistance: a great part of them were crusht against the rocks, and those other that landed, being verie manie in number, were not withstanding broken, slaine, and taken, and so sent from village to village coupled in halters to be shipped into Engla[n]d. Where her Maiestie of her Princely and invincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and

The Defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1588

De Valdez's galleon taken by Sir Francis Drake. The frigate in the center is of the type of the *Revenge*.

scorning either to retaine or entertaine them: [they] were all sent backe againe to theire countries, to witnesse and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadfull Navy. Of which the number of souldiers, the fearefull burthen of their shippes, the commanders names of everie squadron, with all other their magasines of provision, were put in print, as an Army and Navy unresistible, and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their sailing rounde about England, so much as sinke, or take one ship, Barke, Pinnes, or Cockbote of ours: or ever burnt so much as one sheepcote of this land. When as on the contrarie, Syr *Francis Drake*, with only 800. souldiers not long before, landed in their Indies, and forced *Santiago*, *Santa Domingo*, *Cartagena*, and the Fortes of *Florida*.

And after that, Syr *Iohn Norris* marched from *Peniche* in *Portugall*, with a handfull of souldiers, to the gates of *Lisbone*, being above 40. English miles. Where the Earle of Essex himselfe and other valiant Gentlemen, braved the Cittie of *Lisbone*, encamped at the verie gates; from whence after many daies abode, finding neither promised partie, nor provision to batter: made retrait by land, in despite of all their Garrisons, both of Horse and foote. In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose, only by the necessarie comparison of theirs and our actions: the one covetous of honour without vaunt or ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affaires, and by false rumours to resist the blasts of their owne dishonours, as they wil not only not blush to spread all maner of untruthes: but even

for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poore adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victorie with bonefiers in everie town, alwaies spending more in faggots, then the purchase was worth they obtained. When as we never yet thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian shippes at one time, and twentie of the Brasill fleet. Such is the difference between true valure, and ostentation: and betweene honourable actions, and frivolous vaine-glorious vaunts. But now to returne to my first purpose.

The L. *Thomas Howard*, with sixe of her Maiesties ships, sixe victualers of London, the barke Ralegh, and two or three Pinnasses riding at anchor nere unto Flores, one of the Westerlie Ilands of the Azores, the last of August in the after noone, had intelligence by one Captaine *Midleton*, of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which *Midleton* being in a verie good Sailer, had kept them companie three daies before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my L. *Thomas* of their approch. He had no sooner delivered the newes but the Fleet was in sight: manie of our shippes companies were on shore in the Iland; some providing balast for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such thinges as they coulde either for money, or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and romaging everie thing out of order, verie light for want of balast. And that which was most to our disadvantage, the one halfe part of the men of every shippe sicke, and utterly

unserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were ninetie diseased: in the *Bonaventure*, not so many in health as could handle her maine saile. For had not twentie men beene taken out of a Barke of Sir *George Caryes*, his being commanded to be sunke, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Maiesties shippes were these as followeth: the *Defiaunce*, which was Admirall, the *Revenge* Viceadmirall, the *Bonaventure* commanded by Captaine *Crosse*, the *Lion* by *George Fenner*, the *Foresight* by M. *Thomas Vavisour*, and the *Crane* by *Duffeild*. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships; onely the other were of the middle size; the rest, besid[e]s the Barke *Ralegh*, commanded by Captaine *Thin*, were victualers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleete having shrouded their approch by reason of the Iland; were now so soone at hand, as our ships had scarce time to waye their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slippe their Cables, and set sayle. Sir *Richard Grinvile* was the last waied, to recover the men that were upon the Iland, which otherwise had beene lost. The L. *Thomas* with the rest verie hardly recovered the winde, which Sir *Richard Grinvile* not being able to do, was perswaded by the maister and others to cut his maine saile, and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of his shippe: for the squadron of Sivil were on his weather bow. But Sir *Richard* utterly refused to turne from the enimie, alledging that he would rather chose to dye, then to dishonour him selfe, his countrie, and her Maiesties shippe, perswading his companie that he would passe through the two

Squadrons, in despight of them: and enforce those of *Sivill* to give him way. Which he performed upon diverse of the formost, who as the Marriners terme it, sprang their luffe, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had beene the better, and might right well have beene answered in so great an impossibilitie of prevailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatnesse of his minde, he could not bee perswaded. In the meane while as hee attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his sailes in such sort, as the shippe could neither way nor feele the helme: so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundreth tuns. Who afterlaid the *Revenge* aboord. When he was thus bereft of his sailes, the ships that wer under his lee luffing up, also laid him aborde: of which the next was the Admirall of the Biscaines, a verie mightie and puysant shippe commanded by *Brittan Dona*. The said *Philip* carried three tire of ordinance on a side, and eleven peeces in everie tire. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her Sterne portes.

After the *Revenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, foure other boorded her; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the after noone, continued verie terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having receyved the lower tire of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossebarshot, shifted hir selfe with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking hir first entertainment. Some say that the shippe foundred, but wee cannot report it for truth, unlesse we were

assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of souldiers, in some two hundred besides the Marriners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all, beside the Marriners, but the servants of the commanders and some fewe voluntarie Gentlemen only. After many enterchanged voleies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed souldiers and Musketiers, but were still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe, into their owne shippes, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of *London*, having received some shot thorow her by the armados, fell under the Lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Syr *Richard* what he would command him, being one of the victulers and of small force: Syr *Richard* bid him save himselfe, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some houres of the night, many of our men were slaine and hurt, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both sunke, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that sir *Richard* was verie dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and laie speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenges* owne companie, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by some of the Lordes, and others: affirmed that he was never so wounded as that hee forsooke the upper decke, til an houre before midnight; and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as hee was a dress-

ing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirugion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Syr *Frances Godolphin*, of 4. other Marriners of the same shippe being returned, which examination, the said Syr *Frances* sent unto maister *William Killigrue*, of her Majesties privie Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to boarde the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten of, so alwaies others came in their places, she having never lesse than two mightie Gallions by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clocke the day before, there had fifteene severall Armados assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to hearken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by *Iacob Whiddon*, who hovered all night to see the successe: but in the mornyng bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sicknes, and fourescore and ten sicke, laid in hold upon the Ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, and a weake Garrison to resist so mighty an Army. By those hundred all was sustained, the

voleis, bourdings, and entrings of fifteene shippes of warre, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrarie, the Spanish were alwaies supplied with souldiers brought from every squadron: all maner of Armes and pouder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the mastes all beaten over board, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper worke altogither rased, and in effect evened shee was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left over head either for flight or defence. Syr *Richard* finding himselfe in this distresse, and unable anie longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteene houres fight, the assault of fifteene several Armadoes, all by tornnes aboorde him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillerie, besides manie assaults and entries. And that himself and the shippe must needes be possessed by the enemie, who were not all cast in a ring round about him; The *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea: commanded the maister Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glorie or victorie to the Spaniards: seeing in so manie houres fight, and with so great a Navie they were not able to take her, having had fifteene houres time, fifteene thousand men, and fiftie and three saile of men of warre to performe it withall. And perswaded the companie, or as manie as he could induce, to yeelde themselves unto God, and to the mercie of none els; but as they had like valiant resolute men, repulsed so manie enimies, they should not

now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their owne lives for a few houres, or a few daies. The maister Gunner readilie condescended and divers others; but the Captaine and the Maister were of an other opinion, and besought Sir *Richard* to have care of them: alleaging that the Spaniard would be as readie to entertaine a composition, as they were willing to offer the same; and that there being diverse sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose woundes were not mortall, they might doe their countrie and prince acceptable service hereafter. And (that where Sir *Richard* had alleaged that the Spaniards should never glorie to have taken one shippe, of her Maiesties, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended them selves) they answered, that the shippe had sixe foote water in hold, three shot under water which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needes sinke, and was besides so crusht and brused, as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir *Richard* refusing to hearken to any of those reasons: the maister of the *Revenge* (while the Captaine wan unto him the greater party) was convoyde aborde the Generall *Don Alfonso Bassan.* Who finding none over hastie to enter the *Revenge* againe, doubting least S. *Richard* would have blowne them up and himselfe, and perceiving by the report of the maister of the *Revenge* his daungerous disposition: yeelded that all their lives should be saved, the companie sent for England, and the better sorte to pay such reasonable ransome as their estate would beare, and in the meane season to be free from Gally or imprisonment.

To this he so much the rather condescended as well as I have saide, for feare of further loss and mischiefe to them selves, as also for the desire hee had to recover Sir *Richard Grinvile;* whom for his notable valure he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answere was returned, and that safetie of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their perill, the most drew backe from Sir *Richard* and the maister Gunner, being no hard matter to diswade men from death to life. The maister Gunner finding him selfe and Sir *Richard* thus prevented and maistered by the greater number, would have slaine himselfe with a sword, had he not beene by force withheld and locked into his Cabben. Then the Generall sent manie boates abord the *Revenge*, and diverse of our men fearing Sir *Richards* disposition, stole away aboord the Generall and other shippes. Sir *Richard* thus overmatched, was sent unto by *Alfonso Bassan* to remove out of the *Revenge*, the shippe being marvellous unsaverie, filled with bloud and bodies of deade, and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir *Richard* answered that he might do with his bodie what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the shippe he swounded, and reviving againe desired the companie to pray for him. The Generall used Sir *Richard* with all humanitie, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recoverie, highly commending his valour and worthines, and greatly bewailed the daunger wherein he was, beeing unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution sildome approved, to see one ship turne toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boording of so many huge Armados, and to resist

and repell the assaults and entries of so many souldiers. All which and more, is confirmed by a Spanish Captaine of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lyon* of London a small ship taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The generall commander of the Armada, was *Don Alphonso Bassan*, brother to the Marquesse of *Santa Cruce*. The Admirall of the *Biscaine* squadron, was *Britan Dona*. Of the squadron of *Sivil*, Marques of *Arumburch*. The Hulkes and Flyboates were commaunded by *Luis Cutino*. There were slaine and drowned in this fight, well neere two thousand of the enemies, and two especiall commanders *Don Luis de Sant Iohn*, and *Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga*, as the Spanish Captain confesseth, besides divers others of especial account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The Admirall of the Hulkes and the Ascention of *Sivill*, were both suncke by the side of the *Revenge;* one other recovered the rode of Saint *Michels*, and sunke also there; a fourth ranne her selfe with the shore to save her men. Syr *Richard* died as it is said, the second or third day aboard the Generall, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his bodie, whether it were buried in the sea or on the lande wee know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friendes is, that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and country, and of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his owne honour.

For the rest of her Majesties ships that entred not

so far into the fight as the *Revenge*, the reasons and causes were these. There were of them but six in all, whereof two but small ships; the *Revenge* ingaged past recoverie: The Iland of *Flores* was on the one side, 53. saile of the Spanish, divided into squadrons on the other, all as full filled with soldiers as they could containe. Almost the one halfe of our men sicke and not able to serve: the ships growne foule, unroomaged, and scarcely able to beare anie saile for want of ballast, having beene sixe moneths at the sea before. If al the rest had entred, all had been lost. For the verie hugenes of the Spanish fleet, if no other violence had been offred, would have crusht them between them into shivers. Of which the dishonour and losse to the Queene had been far greater than the spoile or harme that the enemy could any way have received. Notwithstanding it is verie true, that the Lord *Thomas* would have entred betweene the squadrons, but the rest wold not condescend; and the maister of his owne ship offred to leape into the sea, rather than to conduct that her Maiesties ship and the rest to be a praie to the enemy, where there was no hope nor possibilitie either of defence or victorie. Which also in my opinion had il sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a Generall, to commit himselfe and his charge to an assured destruction, without hope or any likelihood of prevailing: therby to diminish the strength of her Maiesties Navy, and to enrich the pride and glorie of the enemie. The Foresight of the Queenes commanded by M. *Th. Vavisor*, performed a verie great fight, and stayd two houres as neere the *Revenge* as the wether wold permit him, not forsaking the fight, till hee was like

to be encompassed by the squadrons, and with great difficultie cleared himselfe. The rest gave divers volcies of shot, and entred as far as the place permitted and their own necessities, to keep the weather gage of the enemy, untill they were parted by night. A fewe daies after the fight was ended, and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indy ships, there arose so great a storme from the West and Northwest, that all the fleet was dispersed, as well as the Indian fleet which were then come unto them as the rest of the Armada that attended their arrival, of which 14. saile togither with the *Revenge*, and in her 200. Spaniards, were cast away upon the Isle of S. *Michaels*. So it pleased them to honour the buriall of that renowned ship the *Revenge*, not suffring her to perish alone, for the great honour she achieved in her life time. On the rest of the Ilandes there were cast away in this storme, 15. or 16. more of the ships of war; and of a hundred and odde saile of the Indie fleet, expected this yeere in *Spaine*, what in this tempest, and what before in the bay of *Mexico*, and about the *Bermudas* there were 70. and odde consumed and lost, with those taken by our ships of London, besides one verie rych *Indian* shippe, which set her selfe on fire, beeing boorded by the Pilgrim, and five other taken by Master *Wats* his ships of London, between the *Havaua* and *Cape* S. *Antonio*. The 4. of this month of November, we received letters from the *Tercera*, affirming yat there are 3000. bodies of men remaining in that Iland, saved out of the perished ships: and that by the Spaniards own confession, there are 10000. cast away in this storm, besides those that are perished betweene the Ilands

and the maine. Thus it hath pleased God to fight for us, and to defend the iustice of our cause, against the ambicious and bloudy pretences of the Spaniard, who seeking to devour all nations, are themselves devoured. A manifest testimonie how iniust and how displeasing, their attempts are in the sight of God, who hath pleased to witnes by the successe of their affaires, his mislike of their bloudy and iniurious designes, purposed and practised against all Christian Princes, over whom they seeke unlawful and ungodly rule and Empery.

One day or two before this wrack hapned to the Spanish fleet, when as some of our prisoners desired to be set on shore upon the Ilands, hoping to be from thense transported into England, which libertie was formerly by the Generall promised: One *Morice Fitz Iohn*, sonne of old *Iohn* of *Desmond* a notable traitor, cousen german to the late Earle of *Desmond*, was sent to the English from ship to ship, to persuade them to serve the King of *Spaine*. The arguments he used to induce them were these. The increase of pay which he promised to bee trebled: advancement to the better sort: and the exercise of the true Catholicke religion, and safetie of their soules to all. For the first, even the beggerly and unnaturall behaviour of those English and Irish rebels, that served the King in that present action, was sufficient to answer that first argument of rich paie. For so poore and beggerly they were, as for want of apparel they stripped their poore country men prisoners out of their ragged garments, worne to nothing by six months service, and spared not to despoile them even of their bloudie shirts, from their wounded bodies, and the

very shooes from their feete; A notable testimonie of their rich entertainment and great wages. The second reason was hope of advancement if they served well, and would continue faithfull to the King. But what man can be so blockishly ignorant ever to expect place or honour from a forraine king, having no argument or perswasion then his owne disloyaltie; to bee unnaturall to his owne countrie that bredde him; to his parents that begat him, and rebellious to his true prince, to whose obedience he is bound by othe, by nature, by religion. No, they are onely assured to be imployed in all desperate enterprises, to be held in scorne and disdaine ever among those whom they serve. And that ever traitor was either trusted or advanced I could never yet reade, neither can I at this time remember any example. And no man could have lesse becommed the place of an Orator for such a purpose, then this *Morice* of *Desmond*. For the Earle his cosen being one of the greatest subjects in that kingdom of *Ireland*, having almost whole contries in his possession; so many goodly manners, Castles, and Lordships; the Count Palatine of *Kerry*, five hundred gentlemen of his owne name and familie to follow him, besides others. All which he possessed in peace for three or foure hundred yeares: was in lesse then three yeares after his adhering to the Spaniards and rebellion, beaten from all his holdes, not so many as ten gentlemen of his name left living, him selfe taken and beheaded by a souldiour of his owne nation, and his land given by a Parliament to her Maiestie, and possessed by the English. His other Cosen Sir *Iohn* of *Desmond* taken by M. *Iohn Zouch*, and his body hanged over the gates of his

native citie to bee devoured by Ravens: the third brother of Sir *Iames* hanged, drawne, and quartered in the same place. If he had withall vaunted of this successe of his owne house, no doubt the argument woulde have moved much, and wrought great effect; which because he for that present forgot, I thought it good to remember in his behalfe. For matter of religion it would require a particuler volume, if I should set downe how irreligiously they cover their greedy and ambicious pretences, with that vayle of pietie. But sure I am, that there is no kingdom or common wealth in all Europe, but if they bee reformed, they then invade it for religion sake: if it be, as they terme Catholike, they pretende title; as if the Kinges of *Castile* were the naturall heires of all the worlde: and so betweene both, no kingdom is unsought. where they dare not with their owne forces to invade, they basely entertaine the traitors and vacabondes of all nations; seeking by those and by their runnagate *Iesuits* to win partes, and have by that meane ruined many Noble houses and others in this land, and have extinguished both their lives and families. What good, honour, or fortune ever man yet by them achived, is yet unheard of, or unwritten. And if our English Papistes do but looke into *Portugall*, against whom they have no pretence of religion, how the Nobilitie are put to death, imprisoned, their rich men made a pray, and all sortes of people captived; they shall find that the obedience even of the Turke is easie and a libertie, in respect of the slaverie and tyrannie of *Spaine*. What they have done in *Sicill, in Naples, Millayne*, and in the low countries; who hath there beene spared for religion at all?

And it commeth to my remembrance of a certaine Burger of *Antwerpe*, whose house being entred by a companie of Spanish souldiers, when they first sacked the Citie, hee besought them to spare him and his goodes, being a good Catholike, and one of their own partie and faction. The Spaniardes answered, that they knew him to be of a good conscience for him selfe, but his money, plate, iewels, and goodes were all hereticall, and therfore good prize. So they abused and tormented the foolish Flemming, who hoped that an Agnus Dei had beene a sufficient Target against all force of that holie and charitable nation. Neither have they at any time as they protest invaded the kingdomes of the *Indies* and *Peru*, and els where, but onely led thereunto, rather, to reduce the people to Christianitie, then for either golde or emperie. When as in one onely Iland called *Hispaniola*, they have wasted thirtie hundred thousand of the naturall people, besides manie millions els in other places of the *Indies:* a poore and harmeless people created of God, and might have beene won to his knowledge, as many of them were, and almost as manie as ever were perswaded thereunto. The Storie whereof is at large written by a Bishop of their owne nation called *Bartholome de las Casas*, and translated into English and manie other languages, intituled *The Spanish cruelties*. Who would therefore repose trust in such a nation of ravinous straungers, and especially in those Spaniardes which more greedily thirst after English bloud, then after the lives of anie other people of Europe; for the manie overthrowes and dishonours they have received at our handes, whose weaknesse we have discovered

to the world, and whose forces at home, abroad, in *Europe*, in *India*, by sea and land; we have even with handfulles of men and shippes, overthrowne and dishonoured. Let not therefore anie English man of what religion soever, have other opinion of the Spaniards, but that those whom hee seeketh to winne of our nation, hee esteemeth base and traiterous, unworthie persons, or inconstant fooles: and that he useth his pretence of religion, for no other purpose, but to bewitch us from the obedience of our naturall prince; thereby hoping in time to bring us to slaverie and subjection, and then none shall be unto them so odious, and disdained as the traitours themselves, who have solde their countrie to a stranger, and forsaken their faith and obedience contrarie to nature or religion; and contrarie to that humane and general honour, not onely of Christians, but of heathen and irreligious nations, who have alwaies sustained what labour soever, and embraced even death it selfe, for their countrie, prince or commonwealth. To conclude, it hath ever to this day pleased God, to prosper and defend her Maiestie, to breake the purposes of malicious enimies, of foresworne traitours, and of unjust practices and invasions. She hath ever beene honoured of the worthiest Kinges, served by faithfull subjects, and shall by the favour of God, resist, repell, and confound all whatsoever attempts against her sacred Person or kingdom. In the meane time, let the Spaniard and traitour vaunt of their successe; and we her true and obedient vassalles guided by the shining light of her vertues, shall alwaies love her, serve her, and obey her to the end of our lives.

"THE REVENGE"

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I can not meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven:
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sail'd away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.

"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, let us know,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunder-bolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,

And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

X

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;

And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried, in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more,
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

XII

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flag-ship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,

And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

FROM "THE DISCOVERY OF GUIANA"

[First published 1596, the title being: *The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana; with a Relation of the great and golden City of Manoa, which the Spaniards call El Dorado.* To this narrative Shakespeare was indebted for a few details of Othello's tale:

"Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was my process,—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Othello: I, 3.

Ralegh's narrative is remarkable for its movement, its magnificent diction, its vivid description of natural scenery.]

I HAVE therefore laboured all my life, both according to my small power and persuasion, to advance all those attempts that might either promise return of profit to ourselves, or at least be a let and impeachment to the quiet course and plentiful trades of the Spanish nation; who, in my weak judgment, by such a war were as easily endangered and brought from his powerfulness as any prince in Europe, if it be considered from how many kingdoms and nations his revenues are gathered, and those so weak in their own beings and so far severed from mutual succour. But because such a preparation and resolution is not to be hoped for in haste, and that the time which our enemies embrace cannot be had again to advantage, I will hope that these provinces, and that empire now by me discovered, shall suffice to enable her Majesty and the whole kingdom with no less quantities of treasure than the king of Spain hath in all the Indies, East and West, which he possesseth;

which if the same be considered and followed, ere the Spaniards enforce the same, and if her Majesty will undertake it, I will be contented to lose her Highness' favour and good opinion forever, and my life withal, if the same be not found to exceed than to equal whatsoever is in this discourse promised and declared.

. . . . . .

The empire of Guiana is directly east from Peru towards the sea, and lieth under the equinoctial line; and it hath more abundance of gold than any part of Peru, and as many or more great cities than ever Peru had when it flourished most. It is governed by the same laws, and the emperor and people observe the same religion, and the same form and policies in government as were used in Peru, not differing in any part. And I have been assured by such of the Spaniards as have seen Manoa, the imperial city of Guiana, which the Spaniards call El Dorado, that for the greatness, for the richness, and for the excellent seat, it far exceedeth any of the world, at least of so much of the world as is known to the Spanish nation. It is founded upon a lake of salt water of 200 leagues long, like unto Mare Caspium. And if we compare it to that of Peru, and but read the report of Francisco Lopez and others, it will seem more than credible; and because we may judge of the one by the other, I thought good to insert part of the 120. chapter of Lopez in his *General History of the Indies*, wherein he describeth the court and magnificence of Guayna Capac, ancestor to the emperor of Guiana, whose very words are these:

"All the vessels of his house, table, and kitchen, were of gold and silver, and the meanest of silver and copper for strength and hardness of metal. He had in his wardrobe hol-

low statues of gold which seemed giants, and the figures in proportion and bigness of all the beasts, birds, trees, and herbs, that the earth bringeth forth; and of all the fishes that the sea or waters of his kingdom breedeth. He had also ropes, budgets, chests, and troughs of gold and silver, heaps of billets of gold, that seemed wood marked out to burn. Finally, there was nothing in his country whereof he had not the counterfeit in gold. Yea, and they say, the Ingas had a garden of pleasure in an island near Puna, where they went to recreate themselves, when they would take the air of the sea, which had all kinds of garden-herbs, flowers, and trees of gold and silver; an invention and magnificence till then never seen. Besides all this, he had an infinite quantity of silver and gold unwrought in Cuzco, which was lost by the death of Guascar, for the Indians hid it, seeing that the Spaniards took it, and sent it into Spain."

. . . . . .

As we abode here awhile, our Indian pilot, called Ferdinando, would needs go ashore to their village to fetch some fruits and to drink of their artificial wines, and also to see the place and know the lord of it against another time, and took with him a brother of his which he had with him in the journey. When they came to the village of these people the lord of the islands offered to lay hands on them, purposing to have slain them both; yielding for reason that this Indian of ours had brought a strange nation into their territory to spoil and destroy them. But the pilot being quick and of a disposed body, slipt their fingers and ran into the woods, and his brother, being the better footman of the two, recovered the creek's mouth, where we stayed in our barge, crying out that his brother was slain. With that we set hands on one of them that was next us, a very old man, and brought him into the barge, assuring him that if we had not our pilot again we would presently cut off his head. This old man, being resolved that he should pay the loss of the other, cried out to those

in the woods to save Ferdinando, our pilot; but they followed him notwithstanding, and hunted after him upon the foot with their deer-dogs, and with so main a cry that all the woods echoed with the shout they made. But at the last this poor chased Indian recovered the river side and got upon a tree, and, as we were coasting, leaped down and swam to the barge half dead with fear. But our good hap was that we kept the other old Indian, which we handfasted to redeem our pilot withal; for, being natural of those rivers, we assured ourselves that he knew the way better than any stranger could. And, indeed, but for this chance, I think we had never found the way either to Guiana or back to our ships; for Ferdinando after a few days knew nothing at all, nor which way to turn; yea, and many times the old man himself was in great doubt which river to take.

. . . . . .

On the banks of these rivers were divers sorts of fruits good to eat, flowers and trees of such variety as were sufficient to make ten volumes of *Herbals;* we relieved ourselves many times with the fruits of the country, and sometimes with fowl and fish. We saw birds of all colours, some carnation, some crimson, orange-tawny, purple, watchet,[1] and of all other sorts, both simple and mixed, and it was unto us a great good-passing of the time to behold them, besides the relief we found by killing some store of them with our fowling-pieces; without which, having little or no bread, and less drink, but only the thick and troubled water of the river, we had been in a very hard case.

. . . . . .

[1] Pale blue.

When we were come to the tops of the first hills of the plains adjoining to the river, we beheld that wonderful breach of waters which ran down Caroli; and might from that mountain see the river how it ran in three parts, above twenty miles off, and there appeared some ten or twelve overfalls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church tower, which fell with that fury, that the rebound of water made it seem as if it had been all covered over with a great shower of rain; and in some places we took it at the first for a smoke that had risen over some great town. For mine own part I was well persuaded from thence to have returned, being a very ill footman; but the rest were all so desirous to go near the said strange thunder of waters, as they drew me on by little and little, till we came into the next valley, where we might better discern the same. I never saw a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects; hills so raised here and there over the valleys; the river winding into divers branches; the plains adjoining without bush or stubble, all fair green grass; the ground of hard sand, easy to march on, either for horse or foot; the deer crossing in every path; the birds towards the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes; cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation, perching in the river's side; the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind; and every stone that we stooped to take up promised either gold or silver by his complexion.

. . . . . .

Next unto Arui there are two rivers Atoica and Caura, and on that branch which is called Caura are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which though it may be thought a

mere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because every child in the provinces of Aromaia and Canuri affirm the same. They are called Ewaipanoma; they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders. The son of Topiawari, which I brought with me into England, told me that they were the most mighty men of all the land, and use bows, arrows, and clubs thrice as big as any of Guiana, or of the Orenoqueponi.

. . . . . .

When it grew towards sunset, we entered a branch of a river that fell into Orenoque, called Winicapora; where I was informed of the mountain of crystal, to which in truth for the length of the way, and the evil season of the year, I was not able to march, nor abide any longer upon the journey. We saw it afar off; and it appeared like a white church-tower of an exceeding height. There falleth over it a mighty river which toucheth no part of the side of the mountain, but rusheth over the top of it, and falleth to the ground with so terrible a noise and clamour, as if a thousand great bells were knocked one against another. I think there is not in the world so strange an overfall, nor so wonderful to behold. Berreo told me that there were diamonds and other precious stones on it, and that they shined very far off; but what it hath I know not, neither durst he or any of his men ascend to the top of the said mountain, those people adjoining being his enemies, as they were, and the way to it so impassable.

LETTER TO SIR ROBERT CECIL

[As printed by Murdin, from the Original, in the *Cecil Papers* (Hatfield). Written in July, 1592, from the Tower, where Ralegh was imprisoned owing to the Queen's displeasure at his courtship of Elizabeth Throgmorton.]

Sir,

I pray be a mean to her Majesty for the signing of the bills for the Gards' coats, which are to be made now for the Prograsse, and which the Cleark of the Cheeck hath importunde me to write for.

My heart was never broke till this day, that I hear the Queen goes away so far of,— whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her, in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet nire at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three dayes, my sorrows were the less: but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like *Alexander*, hunting like *Diana*, walking like *Venus*, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph; sometime sitting in the shade like a Goddess; sometime singing like an angell; sometime playing like *Orpheus*. Behold the sorrow of this world! Once amiss, hath bereaved me of all. O Glory, that only shineth in misfortune, what is becum of thy assurance? All wounds have skares, but that of fantasie; all affections their relenting, but that of womankind. Who is the judge of friendship, but adversity? or when is grace witnessed, but in offences? There were no divinety, but by reason of compassion;

for revenges are brutish and mortall. All those times past,— the loves, the sythes, the sorrows, the desires, can they not way down one frail misfortune? Cannot one dropp of gall be hidden in so great heaps of sweetness? I may then conclude, *Spes et fortuna, valete.* She is gone, in whom I trusted, and of me hath not one thought of mercy, nor any respect of that that was. Do with me now, therefore, what you list. I am more weary of life than they are desirous I should perish; what if it had been for her, as it is by her, I had been too happily born.

Your's, not worthy any name or title,

W. R.

A RELATION OF CADIZ ACTION

[As printed in 1699, by Philip Ralegh, grandson of Sir Walter, from a copy found among Sir Walter's Papers. A letter to a person unnamed.]

You shall receive many Relations, but none more true than this. May it please your Honour, therefore, to know, that on Sunday, being the 20th of June, the English fleet came to anchor in the bay of St. Sebastians, short of Cales half a league. My Lord Admiral,[1] being careful of her Majesty's ships, had resolved with the Earl of Essex [2] that the town should be first attempted; to the end that both the Spanish gallions and galleys, together with the forts of Cales, might not all at once beat upon our navy. My self was not present at the resolution; for I was sent the day before towards the Main, to stop such as might pass out from St. Lucar, or Cales, along the coast. When I was arrived back again (which was two hours after the rest), I found the Earl of Essex disembarking his soldiers; and he had put many companies into boats, purposing to make his descent on the west side of Cales; but such was the greatness of the billow, by reason of a forcible southerly wind, as the boats were ready to sink at the stern of the Earl; and indeed divers did so, and in them some of the armed men; but because it was formerly resolved (and that to cast doubts would have been esteemed an effect of fear), the Earl purposed to go on, until such time as I came aboard him, and

1 Charles Howard, Lord Howard of Effingham.
2 Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

in the presence of all the collonels protested against the resolution; giving him reasons, and making apparent demonstrations that he thereby ran the way of our general ruin, to the utter overthrow of the whole armies, their own lives, and her Majesty's future safety. The Earl excused himself, and laid it to the Lord Admiral, who (he said) "would not consent to enter with the fleet till the town was first possessed." All the commanders and gentlemen present besought me to disswade the attempt; for they all perceived the danger, and were resolved that the most part could not but perish in the sea, ere they came to set foot on ground; and if they arrived on shoar, yet were they sure to have their boats cast on their heads; and that twenty men in so desperate a descent would have defeated them all. The Earl, prayed me to perswade my Lord Admiral, who, finding a certain destruction by the former resolution, was content to enter the port.

When I brought news of this agreement to the Earl, calling out of my boat upon him, *Entramus*, he cast his hat into the sea for joy, and prepared to weigh anchor.

The day was now far spent, and it required much time to return the boats of soldiers to their own ships, so as we could not that night attempt the fleet, although many (seeming desperately valiant) thought it a fault of mine to put it off till the morning; albeit we had neither agreed in what manner to fight, nor appointed who should lead, and who should second; whether by boarding or otherwise; neither could our fleet possibly recover all their men in, before sunset. But both the Generals being pleased to

The Operations at Cadiz, 1596, and Inset of the Azores

From the Original Print in Vere's "Commentaries"

Sir Richard Grenville

hear me, and many times to be advised by so mean an understanding, came again to an anchor in the very mouth of the Harbour; so that night, about ten of the clock, I wrote a letter to the Lord Admiral, declaring therein my opinion how the fight should be ordered: persuading him to appoint to each of the great gallions of Spain two great fly-boats to board them, after such time as the Queen's ships had battered them; for I knew that both the *St. Philip* and the rest would burn, and not yield; and then to lose so many of the Queen's for company, I thought it too dear to purchase, and it would be termed but a lamentable victory.

This being agreed on, and both the Generals perswaded to lead the body of the fleet, the charge for the performance thereof [was] (upon my humble suit) granted and assigned to me. The ships appointed to second me were these: the *Mary Rose*, commanded by Sir George Carew; the *Lion*, by Sir Robert Southwell; the *Rainbow*, by the Marshal, Sir Francis Veare; the *Swiftsure*, by Captain Crosse; the *Dreadnaught*, by Sir Conyers and Alexander Clifford; the *Nonpareill*, by Mr. Dudley; the twelve ships of London; with certain fly-boats.

The Lord Thomas Howard,— because the *Meer-Honour*, which he commanded, was one of the greatest ships,— was also left behind with the Generals; but being impatient thereof, pressed the Generals to have the service committed unto him, and left the *Meer-Honour* to Mr. Dudley, putting himself into the *Nonpareill*. For mine own part, as I was willing to give honour to my Lord Thomas, having both precedency in the army, and being a nobleman whom

I much honoured, so yet I was resolved to give and not take example for this service; holding mine own reputation dearest, and remembering my great duty to her Majesty. With the first peep of day, therefore, I weighed anchor, and bare with the Spanish fleet, taking the start of all ours a good distance.

Now, Sir, may it please you to understand, that there were ranged under the walls of Cales, on which the sea beateth, seventeen galleys, which lay with their prowes to flank our entrance, as we passed toward the gallions. There was also a fort called the *Philip*, which beat and commanded the harbour. There were also ordnance, which lay all alongst the curtain upon the wall towards the sea. There were also divers other pieces of culverin, which also scowred the channel. Notwithstanding, as soon as the *St. Philip* perceived one of the Admirals under sail approaching, she also set sail, and with her the *St. Matthew*, the *St. Thomas*, the *St. Andrew*, the two great gallions of Lisbon, three frigots of war, accustomed to transport the treasure; two argosies, very strong in artillery; the Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and Rear-Admiral of Nueva Espagna; with forty other great ships, bound for Mexico, and other places. Of all which, the *St. Philip*, the *St. Matthew*, the *St. Andrew*, and the *St. Thomas*, being four of the Royal Ships of Spain, came again to anchor under the fort of Puntall, in a streight of the harbour which leadeth towards Puerto Reall. On the right hand of them they placed the three frigots; on the back the two gallions of Lisbon, and the argosies; and the seventeen galleys, by three and three, to interlace them, as occasion should be offered. The

Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and the Rear-Admiral of Nueva Espagna, with the body of the fleet, were placed behind them towards Puerto Reall; hoping with this great strength to defend the entrance; the place being no broader from point to point than that these did in effect stretch over as a bridge, and had besides the fort of Puntall to their guard. But the seventeen galleys did not at the first depart with the rest, but stayed by the town, with all their prowes bent against us as we entered; with which, together with the artillery of the town and forts, they hoped to have stumbled the leading ship, and doubted not thereby but to have discouraged the rest.

Having, as aforesaid, taken the leading, I was first saluted by the Fort called *Philip*, afterwards by the ordnance on the curtain, and lastly by all the galleys, in good order. To show scorn to all which, I only answered first the fort, and afterward the galleys, to each piece a blurr with a trumpet; disdaining to shoot one piece at any one or all of those esteemed dreadful monsters. The ships that followed beat upon the galleys so thick that they soon betook them to their oars, and got up to joyn with the gallions in the streight, as aforesaid; and then, as they were driven to come near me, and inforced to range their sides towards me, I bestowed a benediction amongst them.

But the *St. Philip*, the great and famous Admiral of Spain, was the mark I shot at; esteeming those galleys but as wasps in respect of the powerfulness of the other; and being resolved to be revenged for the *Revenge*, or to second her with mine own life, I came to anchor by the gallions; of which the *Philip*

and *Andrew* were two that boarded the *Revenge*. I was formerly commanded not to board, but was promised fly-boats, in which, after I had battered a while, I resolved to joyn unto them.

My Lord Thomas came to anchor by me, on the one hand, with the *Lyon;* the *Mary Rose*, on the other, with the *Dreadnaught;* the Marshal, toward the side of *Puntall;* and towards ten of the clock, my Lord General Essex, being impatient to abide far off, hearing so great thunder of ordnance, thrust up through the fleet, and headed all those on the left hand, coming to anchor next unto me on that side; and afterward came in the *Swiftsure*, as near as she could. Always I must, without glory, say for myself, that I held single in the head of all.

Now, after we had beat, as two buts, one upon another almost three hours (assuring your Honour that the volleys of cannon and culverin came as thick as if it had been a skirmish of musketeers), and finding myself in danger to be sunk in the place, I went to my Lord General in my skiff, to desire him that he would inforce the promised fly-boats to come up, that I might board; for as I rid, I could not endure so great battery any long time. My Lord General was then coming up himself; to whom I declared that if the fly-boats came not, I would board with the Queen's ship; for it was the same loss to burn, or sink, for I must endure the one. The Earl finding that it was not in his power to command fear, told me that, whatsoever I did, he would second me in person, upon his honour. My Lord Admiral, having also a disposition to come up at first, but the river was so choked as he could not pass with the

Ark, came up in person into the *Nonpareill*, with my Lord Thomas.

While I was thus speaking with the Earl, the Marshal, who thought it some touch to his great esteemed valour to ride behind me so many hours, got up ahead my ship; which my Lord Thomas perceiving headed him again; — my self being but a quarter of an hour absent. At my return, finding my self from being the first to be but the third, I presently let slip anchor, and thrust in between my Lord Thomas and the Marshal, and went up further ahead than all them before, and thrust my self athwart the channel; so as I was sure none should outstart me again, for that day. My Lord General Essex, thinking his ship's side stronger than the rest, thrust the *Dreadnaught* aside, and came next the *Warspight* on the left hand; ahead all that rank, but my Lord Thomas. The Marshal, while we had no leisure to look behind us, secretly fastened a rope on my ship's side towards him, to draw himself up equally with me; but some of my company advertising me thereof, I caused it to be cut off, and so he fell back into his place, whom I guarded, all but his very prowe, from the sight of the enemy.

Now if it please you to remember, that having no hope of my fly-boats to board, and that the Earl and my Lord Thomas both promised to second me, I laid out a warp by the side of the *Philip* to shake hands with her (for with the wind we could not get aboard): which when she and the rest perceived, finding also that the *Repulse* (seeing mine) began to do the like, and the Rear-Admiral my Lord Thomas, they all let slip, and ran aground, tumbling into the

sea heaps of souldiers, so thick as if coals had been powred out of a sack in many ports at once; some drowned and some sticking in the mud. The *Philip* and *St. Thomas* burnt themselves: the *St. Matthew* and the *St. Andrew* were recovered with our boats ere they could get out to fire them. The spectacle was very lamentable on their side; for many drowned themselves; many, half burnt, leapt into the water; very many hanging by the ropes' ends by the ships' side, under the water even to the lips; many swimming with grievous wounds, strucken under water, and put out of their pain; and withal so huge a fire, and such tearing of the ordnance in the great *Philip*, and the rest, when the fire came to them, as, if any man had a desire to see Hell itself, it was there most lively figured. Our selves spared the lives of all, after the victory, but the Flemmings, who did little or nothing in the fight, used merciless slaughter, till they were by my self, and afterward by my Lord Admiral, beaten off.

The ships that abode the fight in the morning till ten o'clock, were the *Warspight*, the *Nonpareill*, the *Lyon*, the *Mary Rose*, the *Rainbow*, and the *Dreadnaught*. To second these came up the Earl and the *Swiftsure;* and these were all that did ought against six goodly gallions, two argosies, three frigots, seventeen galleys, and the Fort of Puntall, backed by the Admiral of Nueva Espagna, and others; in all, fifty-five or fifty-seven.

This being happily finished, we prepared to land the army, and to attempt the town; in which there were, of all sorts, some five hundred foot burgers, one hundred and fifty souldiers in pay, and some

eight hundred horse of the gentry and cavalleros of Xerez, gathered together upon the discovery of our fleet two days before, while we were becalmed off Cape St. Mary. The horsemen sallied out to resist the landing; but were so well withstood that they most took their way toward the bridge which leadeth into the Main, called Puento Souse; the rest retired to the town, and so hardly followed, as they were driven to leave their horses at the port (which the inhabitants durst not open, to let them in), and so they leapt down an old wall into the suburbs; and being so closely followed by the vanguard of our footmen, as, when the General perceived an entrance there, he thought it was possible for ours to do the like; upon which occasion the town was carried with a sudden fury, and with little loss; only Sir John Wingfeild was slain; Sir Edward Wingfeild, Captain Bagnoll, and Captain Medick hurt; other men of quality, few or none.

For the particular behaviours of any that entered, I cannot otherwise deliver than by report; for I received a grievous blow in my leg, interlaced and deformed by splinters, in the fight. Yet, being desirous to see every man's disposition, I was carried ashoar on men's shoulders; and as soon as my horse was recovered, my Lord Admiral sent one unto me, but I was not able to abide above an hour in the town, for the torment I suffered, and for the fear I had to be shoulred in the press, and among the tumultuous disordered soldiers, that, being then given to spoyl and rapine, had no respect. The same night I returned; chiefly for that there was no Admiral left to order the Fleet, and indeed few or no people

in the Navy; all running headlong to the sack; and, secondly, because I was unfit for ought but ease at that time.

At the break of day following, I sent to the General to have order to follow the fleet of ships bound for the Indies; which were said to be worth twelve millions, and lay in Puerto Reall road, where they could not escape. But, the town new taken, and the confusion great, it was almost impossible for them to order many things at once; so as I could not receive any answer to my desire.

The afternoon of the same day, those which were merchants of Cales and Sevil offered the Generals two millions to spare the fleet; whereupon there was nothing done for the present. But the morning following, being the twenty-third of June, the Duke of Medina caused all that fleet of merchants to be set on fire; because he was resolved that they must needs have fallen into our hands; so as now both gallions, frigots, argosies, and all other ships of war, together with the fleet of Nueva Espagna, were all committed into ashes; only the *St. Matthew* and the *St. Andrew* were in our possession. Much of the ordnance of the *St. Philip* hath been saved by the Flemmings, who have had great spoil. There is imbarked good store of ordnance out of the town; and the two Apostles aforesaid are well furnished, which (God willing) we purpose to bring to England.

The town of Cales was very rich in merchandise, in plate, and money; many rich prisoners given to the land commanders; so as that sort are very rich. Some had prisoners for sixteen thousand duccats; some for twenty thousand; some for ten thousand;

and, besides, great houses of merchandise. What the Generals have gotten, I know least; they protest it is little. For my own part, I have gotten a lame leg, and a deformed. For the rest, either I spake too late, or it was otherwise resolved. I have not wanted good words, and exceeding kind and regardful usance. But I have possession of naught but poverty and pain. If God had spared me that blow, I had possesst myself of some House.

LETTER TO LADY RALEGH

[From a contemporaneous transcript. *Domestic Correspondence:* James I., vol. xcvi. § 71 (Rolls House). Written from Winchester, December, 1603, on the eve of his expected execution.]

You shall receave, deare wief, my last words in these my last lynes. My love I send you, that you may keepe it when I am dead; and my councell, that you may remember it when I am noe more. I would not, with my last Will, present you with sorrowes, deare Besse. Lett them goe to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And, seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you in this lief, beare my destruccion gentlie and with a hart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks my hart cann conceive, or my penn expresse, for your many troubles and cares taken for me, which — though they have not taken effect as you wished — yet my debt is to you never the lesse; but pay it I never shall in this worle.

Secondlie, I beseich you, for the love you bare me living, that you doe not hide yourself many dayes, but by your travell seeke to helpe your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poore childe. Your mourning cannot avayle me that am but dust.

You shall understand that my lands were conveyed to my child, *bona fide*. The wrightings were drawn at Midsummer was twelvemonethes, as divers can wittnesse. My honest cozen Brett can testifie so much, and Dalberie, too, cann remember somewhat therein. And I trust my bloud will quench their

mallice that desire my slaughter; and that they will not alsoe seeke to kill you and yours with extreame poverty. To what frind to direct thee I knowe not, for all mine have left mee in the true tyme of triall; and I plainly perceive that my death was determyned from the first day. Most sorry I am (as God knoweth) that, being thus surprised with death, I can leave you noe better estate. I meant you all myne office of wynes, or that I could purchase by selling it; half my stuffe, and jewells, but some few, for my boy. But God hath prevented all my determinations; the great God that worketh all in all. If you can live free from want, care for no more; for the rest is but vanity. Love God, and beginne betymes to repose yourself on Him; therein shall you find true and lastinge ritches, and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travelled and wearied your thoughts on all sorts of worldly cogitacions, you shall sit downe by Sorrow in the end. Teach your sonne alsoe to serve and feare God, while he is young; that the feare of God may grow upp in him. Then will God be a husband unto you, and a father unto him; a husband and a father which can never be taken from you.

Bayly oweth me two hundred pounds, and Adrion six hundred pounds. In Gersey, alsoe, I have much owinge me. The arrearages of the wynes will pay my debts. And, howsoever, for my soul's healthe, I beseech you pay all poore men. When I am gonne, no doubt you shalbe sought unto by many, for the world thinks that I am very ritch; but take heed of the pretences of men and of their affections; for they laste but in honest and worthy men. And no greater

misery cann befall you in this life than to become a pray, and after to be despised. I speak it (God knowes) not to disswad you from marriage,— for that wilbe best for you — both in respect of God and the world. As for me, I am no more your's, nor you myne. Death hath cutt us asunder; and God hath devided me from the world, and you from me.

Remember your poore childe for his father's sake, that comforted you and loved you in his happiest tymes. Gett those letters (if it bee possible) which I writt to the Lords, wherein I sued for my lief, but God knoweth that itt was for you and yours that I desired it, but itt is true that I disdaine myself for begging itt. And know itt (deare wief) that your sonne is the childe of a true man, and who, in his own respect, despiseth Death, and all his misshapen and ouglie forms.

I cannot wright much. God knows howe hardlie I stole this tyme, when all sleep; and it is tyme to separate my thoughts from the world. Begg my dead body, which living was denyed you; and either lay itt att Sherborne if the land continue, or in Exiter church by my father and mother. I can wright noe more. Tyme and Death call me awaye.

The everlasting, infinite powerfull, and inscrutable God, that Almightie God that is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true lief and light, keep you and yours, and have mercy on me, and teach me to forgeve my persecutors and false accusers; and send us to meete in His glorious kingdome. My true wief, farewell. Blesse my poore boye; pray for me. My true God hold you both in His armes.

Written with the dyeing hand of sometyme thy husband, but now (alasse!) overthrowne.

Your's that was; but nowe not my owne,

W. Ralegh.

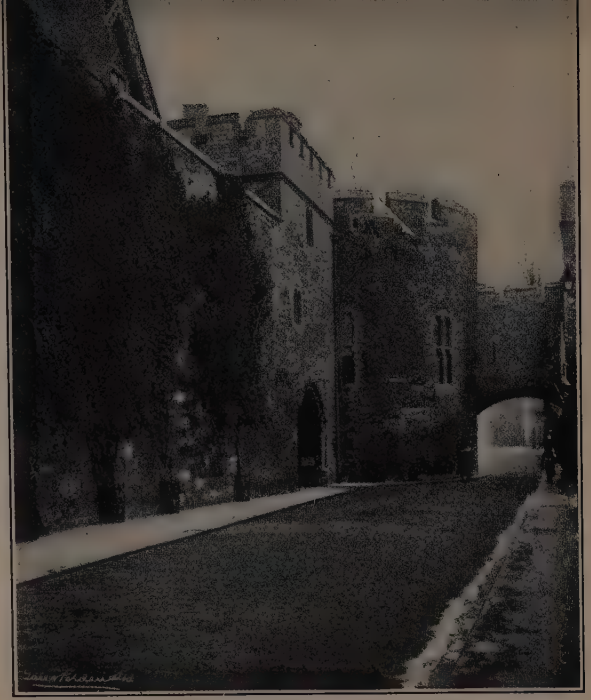
FROM "THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD"

[Written in the Tower, 1607–14. Published 1614. The following text is that of the Oxford edition of *The Works of Sir Walter Ralegh,* 1829.]

IN PRAISE OF HISTORY

To me it belongs in the first part of this preface, following the common and approved custom of those who have left the memories of time past to after-ages, to give, as near as I can, the same right to history which they have done. Yet seeing therein I should but borrow other men's words, I will not trouble the reader with the repetition. True it is, that among many other benefits, for which it hath been honoured, in this one it triumpheth over all human knowledge, that it hath given us life in our understanding, since the world itself had life and beginning, even to this day: yea it hath triumphed over time, which, besides it, nothing but eternity hath triumphed over: for it hath carried our knowledge over the vast and devouring space of so many thousands of years, and given so fair and piercing eyes to our mind, that we plainly behold living now, as if we had lived then, that great world, *magni Dei sapiens opus*, "the wise work," saith Hermes, "of a great God," as it was then, when but new to itself. By it, I say, it is, that we live in the very time when it was created; we behold how it was governed; how it was covered with waters, and again repeopled; how kings and kingdoms have flourished and fallen; and for what virtue and piety God made prosperous, and for what vice and deformity he made wretched, both the one

Entrance of the Bloody Tower and steps leading to Ralegh's Walk



The Bloody Tower (in the center). Ralegh's prison was in the upper story

He used to walk on the parapet, and in a garden behind the high wall

and the other. And it is not the least debt which we owe unto history, that it hath made us acquainted with our dead ancestors; and, out of the depth and darkness of the earth, delivered us their memory and fame. In a word, we may gather out of history a policy no less wise than eternal; by the comparison and application of other men's fore-passed miseries with our own like errors and ill deservings. [*The Preface.*]

HENRY THE EIGHTH

Now for King Henry the Eighth. If all the pictures and patterns of a merciless prince were lost in the world, they might all again be painted to the life out of the story of this king. For how many servants did he advance in haste (but for what virtue no man could suspect), and with the change of his fancy ruined again; no man knowing for what offence! To how many others of more desert gave he abundant flowers from whence to gather honey, and in the end of harvest burnt them in the hive! How many wives did he cut off and cast off, as his fancy and affection changed! How many princes of the blood (whereof some of them for age could hardly crawl towards the block), with a world of others of all degrees (of whom our common chronicles have kept the account), did he execute! Yea, in his very death-bed, and when he was at the point to have given his account to God for the abundance of blood already spilt, he imprisoned the duke of Norfolk the father, and executed the earl of Surrey the son: the one, whose deservings he knew not how to value, having never omitted anything that concerned his

own honour and the king's service; the other, never having committed anything worthy of his least displeasure: the one exceeding valiant and advised; the other no less valiant than learned, and of excellent hope. But besides the sorrows which he heaped upon the fatherless and widows at home, and besides the vain enterprises abroad, wherein it is thought that he consumed more treasure than all our victorious kings did in their several conquests; what causeless and cruel wars did he make upon his own nephew king James the Fifth! What laws and wills did he devise, to establish this kingdom in his own issues! using his sharpest weapons to cut off and cut down those branches, which sprang from the same root that himself did. And in the end (notwithstanding these his so many irreligious provisions) it pleased God to take away all his own, without increase; though, for themselves in their several kinds, all princes of eminent virtue. [*The Preface.*]

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD

God, whom the wisest men acknowledge to be a power uneffable, and virtue infinite; a light by abundant clarity invisible; an understanding which itself can only comprehend; an essence eternal and spiritual, of absolute pureness and simplicity; was and is pleased to make himself known by the work of the world: in the wonderful magnitude whereof (all which he embraceth, filleth, and sustaineth), we behold the image of that glory which cannot be measured, and withal, that one, and yet universal nature which cannot be defined. In the glorious lights of heaven we perceive a shadow of his divine countenance; in his

merciful provision for all that live, his manifold goodness; and lastly, in creating and making existent the world universal, by the absolute art of his own word, his power and almightiness; which power, light, virtue, wisdom, and goodness, being all but attributes of one single essence, and one God, we in all admire, and in part discern *per speculum creaturarum*, that is, in the disposition, order, and variety of celestial and terrestrial bodies: terrestrial, in their strange and manifold diversities; celestial, in their beauty and magnitude; which, in their continual and contrary motions, are neither repugnant, intermixed, nor confounded. By these potent effects we approach to the knowledge of the omnipotent Cause, and by these motions, their almighty Mover. [*Chapter I.*]

THE LAST PAGES

For the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroy-

eth man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred; *I have considered*, saith Solomon, *all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;* but who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death, which opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and king Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepast happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

LETTER TO THE KING

[From an official copy. *Domestic Correspondence:* James I., vol. xcix, No. 69, I (Rolls House). Written from the Tower, September 24, 1618, concerning the disastrous expedition to Guiana. In spite of this letter, Ralegh was executed October 29.]

Maye it Please Your Most Excellent Majestie,

If in my jorny outward bound I had of my men murthered at the Ilands, and spared to tak revenge; if I did discharge some Spanish barkes taken, without spoile; if I forbare all partes of the Spanish Indies, wherin I might have taken twentye of their townes on the sea cost, and did only follow the enterprise which I undertooke for Guiana,— where, without any direccion from me, a Spanish village was burnt, which was newly sett up within three miles of the mine,— by your Majesties favour I finde noe reason whie the Spanish Embassadore should complaine of me. If it were lawful for the Spanish to murther 26 Englishmen, tyenge them back to backe, and then to cutt theire throtes, when they had traded with them a whole moneth, and came to them on the land without so much as one sword amongst they all; — and that it may not be lawfull for your Majesties subjects, beinge forced by them, to repell force by force; we may justly say, "O miserable English!"

If Parker and Mutton took Campeach and other places in the Honduraes, seated in the hart of the Spanish Indies; burnt townes, killed the Spaniards; and had nothing sayed to them at their returne,— and that my selfe forebore to look into the Indies, be-

cause I would not offend, I may as justly say, "O miserable Sir Walter Ralegh!"

If I had spent my poore estate, lost my sonne, suffred, by sickness and otherwise, a world of miseries; if I had resisted with the manifest hazard of my life the rebells [robberies?] and spoiles which my companyes would have made; if when I was poore I could have mad my self rich; if when I had gotten my libertye, which all men and Nature it selfe doth so much prise, I voluntarilie lost it; if when I was master of my life I rendred it againe; if, [though] I might elsewhere have sould my shipp and goods, and put five or six thousand pounds in my purse, I have brought her into England; I beseech your Majestie to beleeve, that all this I have done because it should [not] be sayed to your Majestie that your Majestie had given libertie and trust to a man whose ende was but the recovery of his libertie, and whoe had betrayed your Majesties trust.

My mutiners tould me, that if I returned for England I should be undone; but I beleeved more in your Majesty's goodnes than in their arguments. Sure I am, that I am the first who, being free and able to inrich my selfe, hath embraced povertie. And as sure I am that my example shall make me the last. But your Majesties wisdome and goodnes I have made my judges, whoe have ever bine, and shall ever remain,

Your Majesty's most humble vassall,

W. Rauleigh.

DYING SPEECH ON THE SCAFFOLD

[As printed in *The Life of Sir Walter Ralegh,* by William Oldys, 1736.]

The next morning, being Thursday, the 29th of October (1618), Sir Walter Ralegh was conducted, by the sheriffs of Middlesex, to the Old Palace Yard in Westminster, where there was a large scaffold erected before the parliament-house for his execution. He had on a wrought nightcap under his hat; a ruff band; a black wrought velvet nightgown over a hair-coloured satin doublet, and a black wrought waistcoat; a pair of black cut taffeta breeches, and ash-coloured silk stockings. He mounted the scaffold with a cheerful countenance, and saluted the lords, knights, and gentlemen of his acquaintance there present. Then proclamation being made by an officer for silence, he began his speech as follows:

"I thank God, that he has sent me to die in the light, and not in darkness. I likewise thank God that he has suffered me to die before such an assembly of honourable witnesses, and not obscurely in the Tower; where, for the space of thirteen years together, I have been oppressed with many miseries. And I return him thanks, that my fever hath not taken me at this time, as I prayed to him it might not, that I might clear myself of some accusations unjustly laid to my charge, and leave behind me the testimony of a true heart both to my king and country.

"There are two main points of suspicion that his Majesty hath conceived against me, and which, I con-

ceive, have specially hastened my coming hither; therefore I desire to clear them to your lordships, and resolve you in the truth thereof. The first is, that his Majesty hath been informed, I have had some plot or confederacy with France, for which he had some reasons, though grounded upon a weak foundation. One was, that when I returned to Plymouth, I endeavoured to go to Rochel, which was because I would fain have made my peace before I returned to England. Another reason was, that again I would have bent my course to France, upon my last intended escape from London, being the place where I might have the best means of making such peace, and the best safeguard during that terror from above. These, joined with the coming of the French agent to my house here in London, only to confer about my said voyage, together with the report of my having a commission from the king of France, might occasion my being so suspected in this particular, and his Majesty to be so displeased with me. But this I say; for a man to call God to witness at any time to a falsehood, is a grievous sin. To call him as witness to a falsehood at the point of death, when there is no time for repentance, is a crime far more impious and desperate; therefore, for me to call that Majesty to witness an untruth, before whose tribunal I am instantly to appear, were beyond measure sinful, and without hope of pardon. I do yet call that great God to witness, that, as I hope to see him, to be saved by him, and live in the world to come, I never had any plot or intelligence with the French king; never had any commission from him, nor saw his hand or seal; that I never had any practice or combination with

the French agent, nor ever knew or saw such a person, till I met him in my gallery unlooked for. If I speak not true, O Lord, let me never enter into thy kingdom.

"The second suspicion or imputation was, that his Majesty had been informed I had spoken disloyally of him. The only witness of this was a base Frenchman, a runagate, a chymical fellow, whom I soon knew to be perfidious; for being drawn by him into the action of freeing myself at Winchester, in which I confess my hand was touched, he, being sworn to secrecy overnight, revealed it the next morning. It is strange, that so mean a fellow could so far encroach himself into the favour of the lords; and, gaping after some great reward, could so falsely accuse me of seditious speeches against his Majesty, and be so credited. But this I here speak, it is no time for me to flatter or to fear princes, I, who am subject only unto death: and for me, who have now to do with God alone, to tell a lie to get the favour of the king were in vain: and yet, if ever I spake disloyally or dishonestly of the king, either to this Frenchman or any other; ever intimated the least thought hurtful or prejudicial of him, the Lord blot me out of the book of life.

"I confess, I did attempt to escape, and it was only to save my life. I likewise confess, that I feigned myself to be indisposed at Salisbury, but I hope it was no sin; for the prophet David did make himself a fool, and suffer spittal to fall upon his beard to escape from the hands of his enemies, and it was not imputed unto him as a sin: what I did was only to prolong time, till his Majesty came, in hopes of some commiseration from him.

"But I forgive that Frenchman, and likewise Sir Lewis Stucley the wrongs he hath done me, with all my heart; for I received the sacrament this morning of Mr. Dean, and I have forgiven all men; but, in charity to others, am bound to caution them against him, and such as he is. For Sir Lewis Stucley, my keeper and kinsman, hath affirmed, that I should tell him, my lord Carew and my lord of Doncaster here, did advise me to escape; but I protest before God I never told him any such thing; neither did these lords advise me to any such matter. It is not likely that I should acquaint two privy-counsellors of my escape; nor that I should tell him, my keeper, it was their advice; neither was there any reason to tell it him, or he to report it; for it is well known he left me six, eight, or ten days together alone, to go whither I listed, while he rode about the country. He further accused me, that I should shew him a letter, whereby I did signify that I would give him ten thousand pounds to escape; but God cast my soul into everlasting fire if ever I made such proffer of ten thousand pounds, or one thousand pounds; but indeed I shewed him a letter, that if he would go with me, there should be order taken for the discharge of his debts when he was gone; neither had I one thousand pounds, for, if I had, I could have made my peace better with it otherwise than by giving it Stucley. Further, he gave out, when I came to Sir Edward Parham's house, who had been a follower of mine, and gave me good entertainment, I had there received some dram of poison. When I answered, that I feared no such thing, for I was well assured of those in the house; and therefore wished him to have no such thought. Now I will not

only say, that God is the God of revenge, but also of mercy; and I desire God to forgive him, as I hope to be forgiven." Then casting his eye upon his note of remembrance, he went on thus:

"It was told the king, that I was brought perforce into England; and that I did not intend to return again: whereas Captain Charles Parker, Mr. Tresham, Mr. Leak, and divers others, that knew how I was dealt withal by the common soldiers, will witness to the contrary. They were an hundred and fifty of them who mutinied against me, and sent for me to come to them; for unto me they would not come. They kept me close prisoner in my cabin, and forced me to take an oath, that I would not go into England without their consent, otherwise they would have cast me into the sea. After I had taken this oath, I did, by wine, gifts, and fair words, so work upon the master-gunner, and ten or twelve of the faction, that I won them to desist from their purposes, and intended, when I returned home, to procure their pardon; in the mean while proposed, that I would dispose of some of them in Ireland; to which they agreed, and would have gone into the north parts, from which I dissuaded them, and told them, they were red-shanks who inhabited there, so drew them to the south; and the better to clear myself of them, was forced to get them a hundred and fifty pounds at Kingsale, otherwise I had never got from them.

"There was a report also, that I meant not to go to Guiana at all; and that I knew not of any mine, nor intended any such matter, but only to get my liberty, which I had not the wit to keep. But it was my full intent to go for gold, for the benefit of his Majesty,

myself, and those who went with me, with the rest of my countrymen: though he that knew the head of the mine would not discover it when he saw my son was slain, but made himself away." Then turning to the earl of Arundel, he said, "My lord, you being in the gallery of my ship at my departure, I remember you took me by the hand, and said, you would request one thing of me; which was, whether I made a good voyage or a bad, that I would return again into England; which I then promised, and gave you my faith I would." "So you did," said his lordship; "it is true, and they were the last words I said to you." "Another slander was raised of me, that I should have gone away from them, and have left them at Guiana; but there were a great many worthy men, who accompanied me always, as my sergeant-major, and divers others (whom he named), that knew it was none of my intention. Also it hath been said, that I stinted them of fresh water; to which I answer, every one was, as they must be in a ship, furnished by measure, and not according to their appetites. This course all seamen know must be used among them, and to this strait were we driven. Another opinion was held, that I carried with me sixteen thousand pieces of gold; and that all the voyage I intended, was but to gain my liberty and this money into my hands: but, as I shall answer it before God, I had no more in all the world, directly or indirectly, than one hundred pounds; whereof I gave about forty-five pounds to my wife. But the ground of this false report was, that twenty thousand pounds being adventured, and but four thousand appearing in the surveyor's books, the rest had my hand to the bills for divers adventures;

but, as I hope to be saved, I had not a penny more than one hundred pounds. These are the material points I thought good to speak of; I am at this instant to render my account to God, and I protest, as I shall appear before him, this that I have spoken is true.

"I will borrow but a little time more of Mr. Sheriff, that I may not detain him too long; and herein I shall speak of the imputation laid upon me through the jealousy of the people, that I had been a persecutor of my lord of Essex; that I rejoiced in his death, and stood in a window over-against him when he suffered, and puffed out tobacco in defiance of him; when as, God is my witness, that I shed tears for him when he died; and, as I hope to look God in the face hereafter, my lord of Essex did not see my face at the time of his death; for I was far off, in the armoury, where I saw him, but he saw not me. It is true, I was of a contrary faction; but I take the same God to witness, that I had no hand in his death, nor bear him any ill affection, but always believed it would be better for me that his life had been preserved; for after his fall, I got the hatred of those who wished me well before: and those who set me against him, set themselves afterwards against me, and were my greatest enemies: and my soul hath many times been grieved, that I was not nearer to him when he died; because, as I understood afterwards, he asked for me at his death, and desired to have been reconciled to me.

"And now I entreat, that you all will join with me in prayer to that great God of heaven whom I have grievously offended, being a man full of all vanity, who has lived a sinful life in such callings as have been

most inducing to it; for I have been a soldier, a sailor, and a courtier, which are courses of wickedness and vice; that his almighty goodness will forgive me; that he will cast away my sins from me; and that he will receive me into everlasting life: so I take my leave of you all, making my peace with God."

Then proclamation being made, that all men should depart the scaffold, he prepared himself for death, giving away his hat and cap and money to some attendants who stood near him. When he took leave of the lords and other gentlemen, he entreated the lord Arundel to desire the king, that no scandalous writings to defame him might be published after his death; concluding, "I have a long journey to go, therefore must take my leave." Then having put off his gown and doublet, he called to the headsman to shew him the axe, which not being suddenly done, he said, "I prithee, let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" Having fingered the edge of it a little, he returned it, and said, smiling, to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a sound cure for all diseases"; and having entreated the company to pray to God to assist and strengthen him, the executioner kneeled down and asked him forgiveness; which Ralegh, laying his hand upon his shoulder, granted. Then being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he answered, "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies." As he stooped to lay himself along, and reclined his head, his face being towards the east, the headsman spread his own cloak under him. After a little pause, he gave the sign that he was ready for the stroke by lifting up his hand, and his head was struck off at two blows, his

body never shrinking or moving. His head was shewed on each side of the scaffold, and then put into a red leather bag, and, with his velvet nightgown thrown over it, was afterwards conveyed away in a mourning coach of his lady's. His body, as we are told, was buried hard by, in the chancel of St. Margaret's church, near the altar; but his head was long preserved in a case by his widow, for she survived him twenty-nine years, as I have found by some anecdotes remaining in the family; and after her death it was kept also by her son Carew, with whom it is said to have been buried.

[A large memorial window was placed in the west front of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, by American citizens in 1882. The inscription was written by James Russell Lowell, then American Ambassador in England:

"The New World's sons, from England's breasts we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of her Past, wherefrom our Present grew,
This window we inscribe with Ralegh's name."]

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRIAL

[From *The Trial of Sir Walter Ralegh, Knight, for High Treason, at Winton, the 17th of November, 1603.* The Attorney-General was Sir Edward Coke, whose virulent abuse of the accused and whose cynical disregard of evidence made this trial the most scandalous mockery of justice in English jurisprudence. One of the judges said afterwards: "That trial injured and degraded the justice of England." The charges against Ralegh were: "That he did conspire, and go about to deprive the king of his government, to raise up sedition within the realm, to alter religion, to bring in the Roman superstition, and to procure foreign enemies to invade the kingdom." To this indictment Ralegh pleaded "Not guilty."]

Ralegh. To whom speak you this? You tell me news I never heard of.

Attorney. O sir, do I? I will prove you the notoriousest traitor that ever came to the bar. After you have taken away the king, you would alter religion: as you, Sir Walter Ralegh, have followed them of the bye in imitation; for I will charge you with the words.

Ralegh. Your words cannot condemn me, my innocency is my defence: prove one of these things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment; and that I am the horriblest traitor that ever lived, and worthy to be crucified with a thousand thousand torments.

Attorney. Nay, I will prove all: thou art a monster; thou has an English face, but a Spanish heart. Now you must have money: Aremberg was no sooner in England (I charge thee, Ralegh), but thou incitedst Cobham to go unto him, and to deal with him

for money to bestow on discontented persons, to raise rebellion in the kingdom.

Ralegh. Let me answer for myself.

Attorney. Thou shalt not.

Ralegh. It concerneth my life.

Lord Chief Justice Popham. Sir Walter Ralegh, Mr. Attorney is but yet in the general; but when the king's counsel have given the evidence wholly, you shall answer every particular.

Attorney. O! do I touch you?

Lord Cecil. Mr. Attorney, when you have done with this general charge, do you not mean to let him answer to every particular?

Attorney. Yes, when we deliver the proofs to be read. Ralegh procured Cobham to go to Aremberg; which he did by his instigation: Ralegh supped with Cobham before he went to Aremberg; after supper, Ralegh conducted him to Durham-house, from whence Cobham went with Lawrency, a servant of Aremberg's, unto him, and went in by a back way. Cobham could never be quiet until he had entertained this motion, for he had four letters from Ralegh. Aremberg answered, the money should be performed, but knew not to whom it should be distributed. Then Cobham and Lawrency came back to Durham-house, where they found Ralegh. Cobham and Ralegh went up, and left Lawrency below, where they had secret conference in a gallery, and after, Cobham and Lawrency departed from Ralegh. Your jargon was peace! What is that? Spanish invasion, Scottish subversion. And again, you are not a fit man to take so much money for procuring of a lawful peace; for peace procured by money is dishonourable. Then

Cobham must go to Spain, and return by Jersey, where you were captain: and then, because Cobham had not so much policy, or at least wickedness, as you, he must have your advice for the distribution of the money. Would you have deposed so good a king, lineally descended of Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV? Why then must you set up another? I think you meant to make Arabella a titular queen, of whose title I will speak nothing; but sure you meant to make her a stale: ah, good lady! you could mean her no good.

Ralegh. You tell me news, Mr. Attorney.

. . . . . .

Ralegh. I will wash my hands of the indictment, and die a true man to the king.

Attorney. You are the absolutest traitor that ever was.

Ralegh. Your phrases will not prove it, Mr. Attorney.

Attorney. Cobham writeth a letter to my lord Cecil, and doth will Mellis, his man, to lay it in a Spanish Bible, and to make as though he found it by chance. This was after he had intelligence with this viper; then he was false.

Lord Cecil. You mean a letter intended to me; I never had it.

Attorney. No, my lord, you had it not. You, my masters of the jury, respect not the wickedness and hatred of the man, respect his cause; if he be guilty, I know you will have care of it, for the preservation of the king, the continuance of the gospel authorised, and the good of us all.

Ralegh. I do not hear yet, that you have spoken

one word against me; here is no treason of mine done. If my lord Cobham be a traitor, what is that to me?

Attorney. All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper; for I *thou* thee, thou traitor.

Ralegh. It becometh not a man of quality and virtue to call me so; but I take comfort in it, it is all you can do.

Attorney. Have I angered you?

Ralegh. I am in no case to be angry.

C. J. Popham. Sir Walter Ralegh, Mr. Attorney, speaketh out of the zeal of his duty, for the service of the king, and you for your life; be valiant on both sides.

. . . . . .

Attorney. Now let us come to those words of *destroying the king and his cubs.*

Ralegh. O barbarous! if they, like unnatural villains, should use those words, shall I be charged with them? I will not hear it; I was never false to the crown of England. I have spent 40,000 crowns of mine own, against the Spanish faction, for the good of my country. Do you bring the words of these hellish spiders, Clark, Watson, and others, against me?

Attorney. Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a spider of hell; for thou confessest the king to be a most sweet and gracious prince, and yet hast conspired against him.

. . . . . .

Attorney. Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived.

Ralegh. You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly.

Attorney. I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treasons.

Ralegh. I think you want words indeed, for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times.

Attorney. Thou art an odious fellow, thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride.

Ralegh. It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney.

Attorney. Well, I will now make it appear to the world that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou.

. . . . . .

When the jury returned their verdict, guilty, *the clerk asked:* "What canst thou say for thyself, why judgment and execution of death should not pass against thee?"

Ralegh. My lords, the jury have found me guilty. They must do as they are directed. I can say nothing why judgment should not proceed. You see whereof Cobham hath accused me; you remember his protestations, that I was never guilty. I desire the king should know of the wrongs done unto me since I came hither.

Lord Chief Justice. You have had no wrong, Sir Walter.

Ralegh. Yes, of Mr. Attorney. I desire, my lords, to remember three things to the king. 1. I was accused to be practiser for Spain: I never knew my lord Cobham meant to go thither; I will ask no mercy at the king's hands, if he will affirm it. 2. I never knew of the practice with Arabella. 3. I never knew

of my lord Cobham's practice with Aremberg, nor of the surprising treason.

[Then the Lord Chief Justice after a long and insulting address, pronounced sentence of death.]

THE END

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